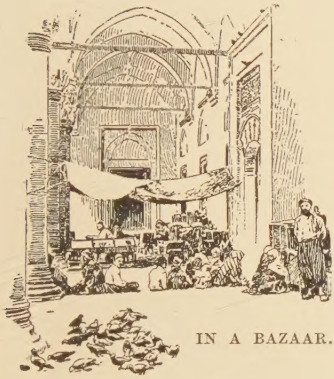
Methodist Magazine and Review.

JULY, 1896.

EVERY-DAY LIFE IN BIBLE LANDS.

BY THE EDITOR.

TRADES AND OCCUPATIONS.



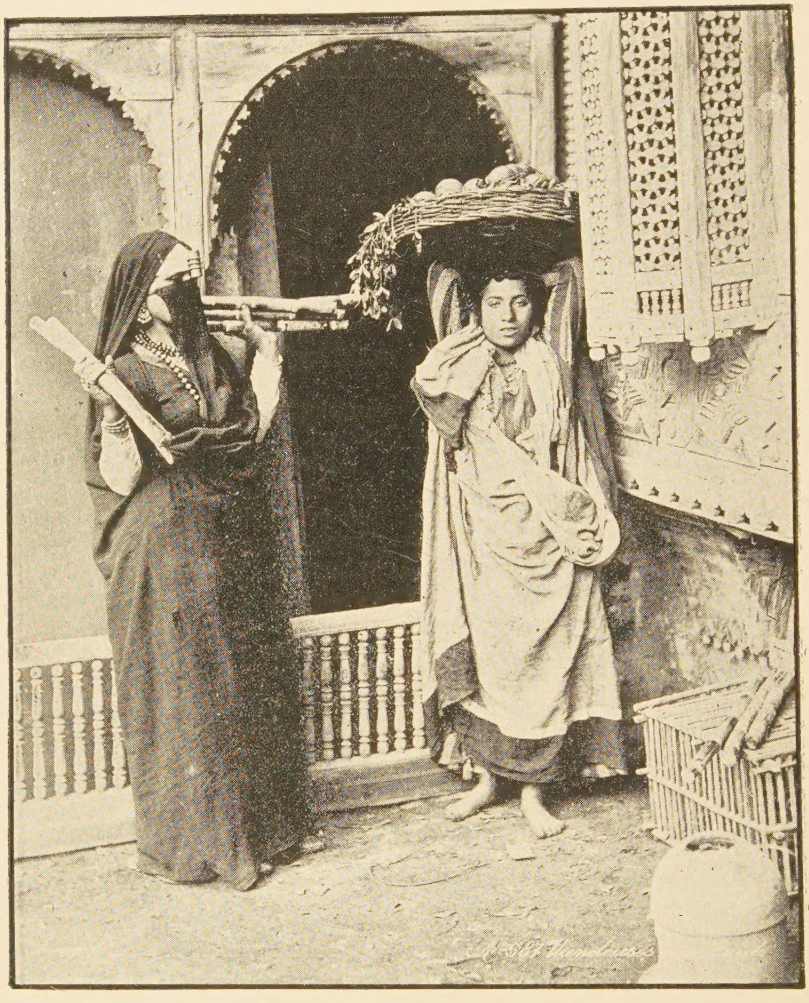
IN A BAZAAR.

From a necessity of society, trade or barter is one of its primitive elements. A division soon took place between the desert nomads, who dwelt in tents, and the village artisan, or merchant, who lived in more permanent habitations. While their flocks and herds afforded the Bedouin food and clothing, yet their weapons, utensils, ornaments and articles of luxury they must buy or procure by exchange.

Much of the early trade was done in the open market-place, the goods being spread upon the ground. This is still exceedingly common throughout the East. In the square in front of the Holy Sepulchre, in the open spaces before the city gates, in the weekly and monthly fairs, such examples of commerce, reduced to its simplest elements, may often be observed.

At length, little stalls for protection from sun or rain were erected, and gradually these grew into continuous rows of shops or bazaars, frequently covered by awnings, wooden roofs, or stone arches, and sometimes growing into vast warehouses for the storing of goods. The itinerant peddler of household wares and huckster of food material, and cooked food, fruits and confectionery, multiplied, till most Eastern cities fairly swarm with them.

The shops or stores are of a uniform plan, and consist chiefly of little stalls of a few feet square, often only six, seldom more than ten. On this is a platform about two feet from the ground, on which the merchant sits cross-legged on a carpet or rug, supported by cushions, among his wares, generally smoking a long "hubble-bubble" pipe. On the shelves around him are his wares, a few of the handsomest being displayed on cords or rods. The value of the stocks in even these small stalls is often surprising, beautiful and costly silks, gold and silver embroidery, curious weapons, jewellery and Oriental bric-a-brac being exhibited. Sometimes, as a concession to modern tastes, the tourist is invited to an inner room where an ampler



SUGAR-CANE AND ORANGE SELLERS, CAIRO.

display of wares is made. This is occasionally even in an upper story, as in the shop of "Far Away Moses" at Constantinople.

Merchants dealing in similar goods find it for their advantage, as well as for that of their customers, to cluster together; hence each of these covered streets is usually exclusively occupied by a particular trade, and is accordingly called the dry-goods bazaar, the shoe bazaar, etc. This was also the case anciently, for Josephus speaks of the place "at Jerusalem," where were "the merchants of wool, the braziers, and the market of cloth."

One wanders about the bazaars, bewildered no less by the riches and variety than by the vivid colouring of their exhibits of silks, linens, and cotton fabrics, the beauty of the workmanship in gold, silver, and brass, and the quaintness of the articles offered to pilgrims as souvenirs of famous places. Every traveller is both sur-

prised and delighted with the dainty trinkets sold in almost every city and village, produced by native artisans with the most primitive tools. Bethlehem, especially, excels in the manufacture of keep-

of souvenir dealers who trade in cheaper articles, the traffic in which rarely goes beyond the boundaries of Palestine. Still another—the peddlers or peripatetic vendors—search out the cities of

POMEGRANATE SELLER, CAIRO.

sakes of mother-of-pearl, olive-wood, or bone, and large quantities are shipped to merchants in every part of the world, particularly to France, Spain, and Portugal. There is another class

Syria, Asia Minor, Central Turkey, and Mesopotamia. When they reach a city they rarely hawk their wares, as Western peddlers do, but rather seek a suitable place where they can spread out their merchan-

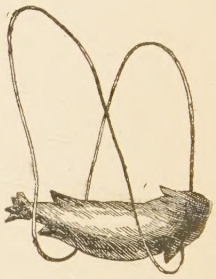
dise in public view. In every large Eastern city, in the bazaar quarter, such vendors may be seen, and they form by no means the smallest among the attractions that allure the shopper.

EASTERN MONEY.

The departmental store, in which you can buy everything from a needle to an anchor, has not yet found its way to the Orient. Trade

BAZAAR OF GOLD AND SILVERSMITHS, DAMASCUS.

is strongly differentiated. Many merchants deal in only one class of articles. The makers and vendors of these are grouped together by themselves. For instance, the shoemaker's bazaar is in a row of tiny stalls on either side of the narrow passage, the front festooned with bright red or yellow morocco slippers, The silk merchant has his own quarter, with his gay striped kufiyehs and embroidered cloths of brightest hues. The fez merchant sells nothing but the almost universal crimson headgear of the Orient.



EASTERN PURSE.

These trades and occupations are actively carried on in full view of the passer-by, and the noisier operations announce themselves long before one reaches the spot. The brass bazaars and tin shops ring like a boiler factory with the din of hammering the metal into curious devices.

Machine work is quite unknown and everything is made by hand. A great brass tray, or vase, or lamp, is fastened by a layer of pitch to a block, and the design is scratched or drawn upon the surface, and with punches and hammers, even young boys hammer merrily at their work with much artistic feeling and execution. There are minor defects and irregularities, but the scroll and figure designs of their trays and hanging lamps are often singularly beautiful. (See examples on frontispiece.)

Sometimes a small foot lathe is used, or one driven by a bow and

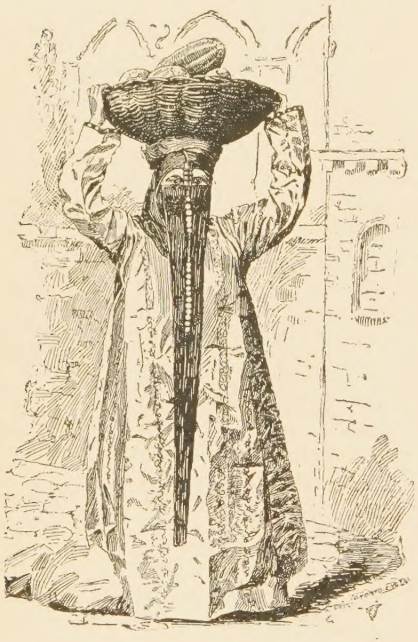
TREADING OUT GRAPES IN A WINE VAT.

string in the most primitive possible manner. In the jewel bazaar it is amazing what fine and beautiful work can be produced with such rude instruments. Often the gold and silversmiths' bazaar looks like a blacksmith's shop with its charcoal fires, its small anvils and bellows, and hammers of various shapes and sizes. With these elegant gold and silver filigree and jewellery of handsome design are executed. These are stored in a rough wooden cupboard, or sometimes a small iron safe, and, displayed at the request of the purchaser, cannot fail to call forth his surprise and admiration. Much coarse and cheap jewellery is made for peasant women, often of brass or tinsel, but much of the gayest of this is now machine-made in Birmingham and Liege.

The weaving of coloured silks is done with the primitive loom, driven by the foot. The dexterity of the weaver in deftly throwing his shuttle and forming quite an intricate design, is exceedingly curious. The hand-wrought embroidery in coloured design, or in gold and silver thread on velvet ground, is of marvellous beauty. Much of this is done in the seclusion of the harem, and the use of the English and American sewing machine for this purpose is coming into vogue.

The art of bargaining in the bazaars is a weariness to the flesh and vexation to the spirit. The haggling and wrangling necessary to purchase at any reasonable rate

the smallest article awakes the tourist's disgust. A group of a dozen or twenty will gather around to assist in the operation. After a protracted war of words, one of them will snatch the article from the vendor and say, "Take it! take it! give him so much." Then the row is renewed and confusion is worse confounded. One fellow followed me all around the bazaar at Damascus with some beautiful gold embroidery which



MELON VENDOR, CAIRO.

he was determined I should have, even though he had to reduce the price to one-third of what he first demanded.

But to see this bargaining at its best, one should watch it between the Greek or Armenian pilgrims, or desert Bedouins, and the Jew or Moslem merchants. One would think that the war of words in loud and angry tones—all shouting at once — would result in blows. Charles Dudley Warner states that in his dahabeiyeh on the Nile, he heard, as he thought, the French Revolution being enacted on deck, but found that the crew were only purchasing some milk. Dr. Manning thus describes bargaining at Nablus :

VEGETABLE STALL, CAIRO.

"The wrangling and chaffering between the buyers and sellers belonging to the various nationalities offer a curious contrast to the quiet modes of transacting business at

SWEET-MEAT STALL.

home. The shop-keeper begins by asking four times as much as he means to take. The customer meets him by bidding a fourth of what he means to give. Bystanders join in the negotiation. The whole party work themselves up into

what appears to be a fit of uncontrollable fury, shrieking and yelling at one another in their guttural Arabic till manslaughter seems imminent. At length the bargain is concluded, and peace is restored."

All this reminds one of the saying of Solomon, "It is naught, it is naught, saith the buyer; but when he is gone his way, then he boasteth."

will rub some of the genuine attar on your hand, and when your sense of smell is so saturated you cannot distinguish anything else, will try to foist upon you a much inferior article.

The arms bazaars abound with all sorts of weapons, including Arab guns, with tremendous long barrels and stocks inlaid with silver or mother-of-pearl; swords and

POTTER AT WORK.

One of the most interesting bazaars is that of perfumes, of which the Orientals are very fond. The most popular is attar of roses which is sold by the drop, and is very expensive. The whole bazaar is laden with the musky odours of the Orient. In a dark little cell sits a snowy bearded Jew, surrounded by his flasks and pots of perfumery. The wily old rascal

pistols, with Arabesque designs; yataghans, poniards, daggers, and Damascus blades, of wonderfully flexible steel.

A conspicuous figure in the bazaars and streets is the money changer. There are a great many sorts of money current in the East, and the shop-keeper very often cannot make change. So these curbstone bankers, with perhaps a

hundred dollars worth of coin spread out in a glass case, change the money of the Occident for the current Turkish coins, which are often greatly depreciated in value.

The most numerous class of bazaars are those in which fruit, confectionery, and cooked food are furnished. In Cairo, there are forty thousand cafes, or restaurants. Many of the houses have no facilities for cooking, and many thousands of persons are dependent for a living by purveying to the wants of the poorest of the people. These food supplies are of a most unappetizing, not to say disgusting, character.

The most attractive are the fruit stalls, where golden oranges, red bananas, yellow citrons, and dates, figs, and vegetables of richest green, pomegranates, and the like, are sold. The fruit sellers are generally women or girls, who carry their wares on a tray on their head, and make their way dexterously amid the surging crowds of men, women, donkeys, horses, and camels. The Egyptian woman to the left of cut, page 4, with the national "nose-bag" veil over her face, and brass ornament between her eyes, has a bundle of sugar cane in her hand, which is sold as a sweet-meat for the poorer people. This is the "sweet cane" mentioned by Isaiah xliii. 24; and Jeremiah vi. 20. The sitting figure on page 5 has a tray of pomegranates.

These fruit stalls are a perfect symphony of colour, the bright light illumining the various hues of the fruit, and bright coloured dresses, and rich bronze tints of the face, accentuated by jewelled necklaces and ear-rings, and the bright black eyes of their wearers.

In a little stall we may see the potter at his work turning his wheel with his foot, and forming the cheap pottery so much in use throughout the Orient, just as in the days of Job, recalling the verses of Scripture, "And the vessel that he made of clay was marred in the hand of the potter: so he made it again another vessel, as seemed good to the potter to make it." "O house of Israel, cannot I do with you as this potter? saith the Lord. Behold, as the clay is in the potter's hand, so are ye in mine hand, O house of Israel." "Hath not the potter power over the clay, of the same lump to make one vessel unto honour, and another unto dishonour?"

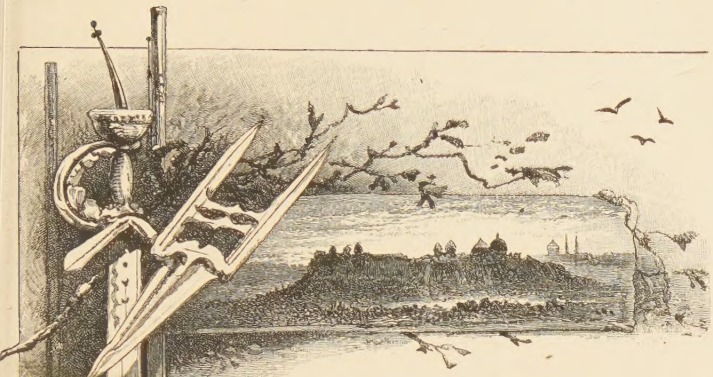
GALILEE.

STILL bloom fair lilies on that sun-swept shore,
And mellow moons rise golden o'er the sea
Where fisher boats drift idly as of yore,
Where walked the Christ by far blue Galilee.

Still purple dawns flood wide the distant hills,
And silver stars out-gleam above the plains,
While nightingale from flowery mazes thrills
The silent earth with rapt, celestial strains.

A thousand years, in Thy sight but one day;
Once more, as sunrise lights the quiet sea,
We watch Thee, coming on the hillside way,
And stand, dear Lord, beside blue Galilee.

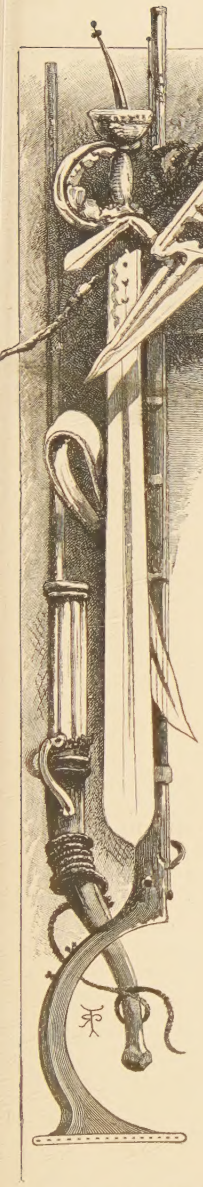
OUR INDIAN EMPIRE.



OLD DELHI.

I.

More and more is the sense of the unity and solidarity of the British Empire throughout the world taking possession of mankind. Every candid mind must agree with Lord Rosebery that it is the greatest secular agency for good which exists on the earth. Its might, as Dr. Parkin has remarked, is not used to oppress, but to uplift subject races. It stands for law, and order, and liberty, in every land; for peace, and prosperity, and Christian institutions.



NATIVE INDIAN WEAPONS.

This is emphatically illustrated in the case of England's African and Asiatic dependencies, The kraal of the barbarous Hottentot or Kafir has been transformed into a Christian village. The intestine wars, the oppression of the poor, the frequent famines of India, have given place to a well ordered civilization from Cape Comorin to the Himalayas, from Kurrachee, on the mouth of the Indus, to Rangoon, on the bank of the Irrawaddy. Yet this encouraging story, which should inspire all missionary workers, of this marvellous transformation is not adequately known by most persons of even large intelligence.

"We have always thought it strange," says Macaulay, "that, while the history of the Spanish Empire in America is so familiarly known to all the nations of Europe, the great actions of our own countrymen in the East should, even among ourselves, excite little interest. The people of India, when we subdued them, were ten times as numerous as the vanquished Americans, and were at the same time quite as largely civilized as the victorious Spaniards. They had reared cities larger and fairer than Saragossa or Toledo, and buildings more beautiful and costly than the cathedral of Seville. They could show bankers richer than the richest firms of Barcelona or Cadiz; viceroys whose splendour far surpassed that of Ferdinand the Cath-

olic; myriads of cavalry and long trains of artillery which would have astonished the great captain. It might have been expected that every Englishman who takes any interest in any part of history would be curious to know how a handful of his countrymen, separated from their home by an immense ocean, subjugated, in the course of a few years, one of the greatest empires in the world."

PARSEE LADY, SHOWING GOLD EMBROIDERED ROBE.

The very name of this vast and populous country suggests stirring associations. It recalls Milton's stately phrase:

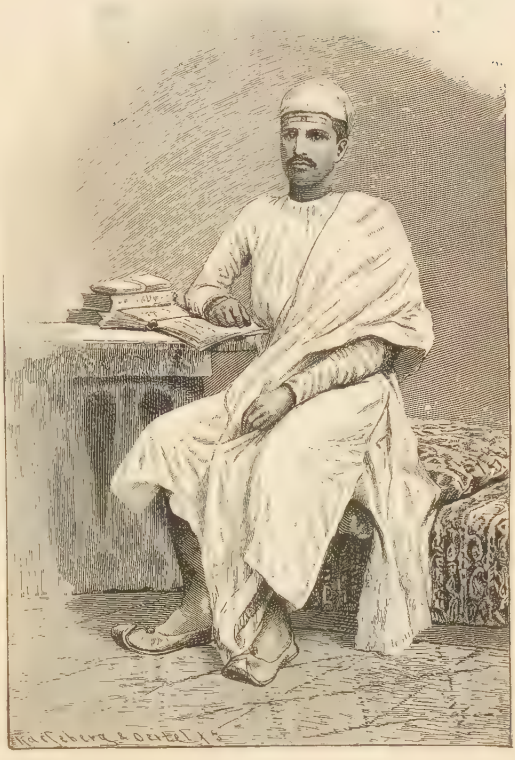
> "The wealth of Ormus and of Ind,
> Or where the gorgeous East with richest hand
> Showers on her kings barbaric pearl and gold."

It suggests the ivory palaces, the gilded temples, the gaudy idols, the broad leaves of the palms and the bananas,the sky-piercing Himalayas, the vast surf-lined coast, the dark skins and the snow-white robes of the natives, the rice-fields and the tanks, the elephants and palanquins, "the bazaars, humming like beehives, and the jungle where the lonely courier shakes his bundle of iron rings to

scare away the hyenas and other dangerous animals."

On the last day of the first year of the seventeenth century, Queen Elizabeth granted a charter of incorporation to "The Governor and Company of merchants of London, trading to the East Indies," who, in the following year, sent out Captain James Lancaster to establish commercial relations with the king of Acheen.

The early history of our India Company — "John Company," as the natives came to call it—is a history of small beginnings; and we may rest assured that its administrators never in their most ambitious hopes anticipated that it would one day absorb the wide territories ruled by the Mogul. Towards the close of the seventeenth century it had established itself, in one way or another, at Bombay, at Madras, and at Hugli, afterwards Calcutta, and formed them into three presidencies, which still exist, though



BRAHMIN SCHOLAR.

SPERIALJI DADABHAI BHARUCHA,
A PARSEE FROM BOMBAY.

with widely extended boundaries. These presidencies at first were independent of each other, and responsible only to the Company in England. In each the executive power was in the hands of a president and council.

In the race to obtain a paramount position in India, England easily distanced Portugal and Holland; but the competition with France was much keener and more protracted, extending over a quarter of a century. France was a late-comer in the field, its settlement at Pondicherry dating only from 1694; but the energy, military spirit, and political foresight of its representatives, and their thirst for territorial power, soon made it a formidable rival.

The British East India Company, though formed in 1600, had up to the middle of the last century only

six factories scattered over the peninsula. The real beginning of English political ascendancy was in 1757, when on the banks of the Indus, where the foot of an Alexander had faltered, a merchant's clerk conquered an Empire. With three thousand troops, on the plains of Plassey, Robert Clive routed an army of sixty thousand and laid the foundation of our Indian Empire of 250,000,000 souls. The almost uniform success of the English Company attracted alliances with the native chiefs, and gradually the British rule became extended over nearly the whole country. Not all the annexations can be justified, yet on the whole this vast extension of power has been a providential responsibility which could not be avoided. Step by step the dominion has mostly been forced upon the British Government. And especially since, with the suppression of the Mutiny, all Christendom has overwhelming reasons for gratitude that the sovereignty of England extends over India.

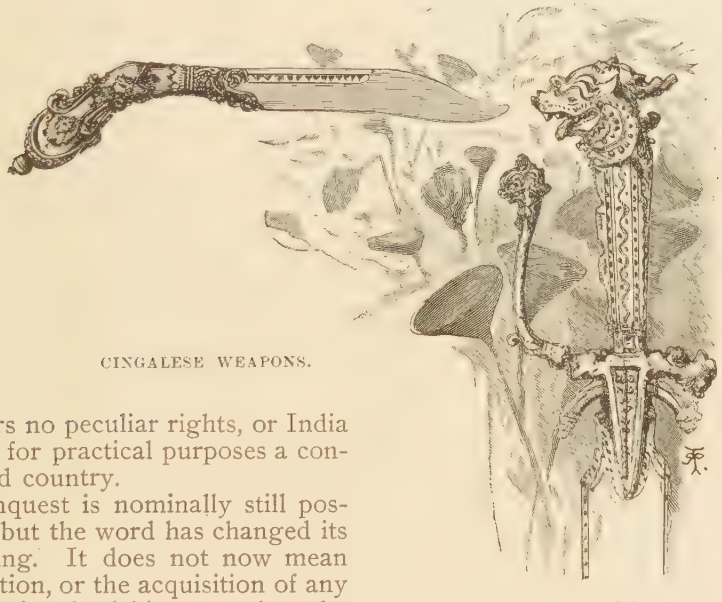
"Our acquisition of India," says Prof. Seeley, in his "Expansion of England," "was made blindly. Nothing great that has ever been done by Englishmen was done so unintentionally, so accidentally, as the conquest of India. We call this empire a conquest, in order to mark the fact that it was not acquired in any degree by settlement or colonization, but by a series of wars ending in cessions of territory by the native powers to the East India Company."

HINDU GIRL BRIDES.

Is India then tributary in this sense to England? Certainly not, at least not directly or avowedly. Taxes are raised, of course, in India, as taxes are raised in England, but India is no more tributary than England itself. The money drawn from India is spent upon the government of India, and no money is levied beyond what is

supposed to be necessary for this purpose.

The truth is that, though the present relation between India and England was historically created by war, yet England does not, at least openly, claim any rights over India in virtue of this fact. In the Queen's proclamation, in which her open assumption of the government was announced, occur the express words, "We hold ourselves bound to the natives of our Indian territories by the same obligations of duty which bind us to all our other subjects." That is, conquest confers no peculiar rights, or India is not for practical purposes a conquered country.



CINGALESE WEAPONS.

Conquest is nominally still possible, but the word has changed its meaning. It does not now mean spoliation, or the acquisition of any oppressive lordship, so that the temptation to make conquests is now very much diminished. Thus our possession of India imposes upon us vast and almost intolerable responsibilities; this is evident; but it is not at once evident that we reap any benefit from it.

When we speak of India as "our magnificent dependency," or "the brightest jewel in the English diadem," we use metaphors which have come down to us from primitive ages and from a state of society which has long passed away. India does indeed depend on England in the sense that England determines her condition and her policy, and that she is governed by Englishmen, but not in the sense that she renders service to England or makes England directly richer or more powerful. And thus with respect to India as with respect to the colonies, the question confronts us on the threshold of the subject, What is the use of it? Why do we take the trouble and involve ourselves in the responsibility of governing two hundred millions of people in Asia?

Two races could scarcely be more alien from each other than the English and the Hindus. Comparative philology has indeed discovered one link that had never been suspected before. The language of the prevalent race of India is indeed of the same family as our own language. But in every other respect there is extreme alienation. Their traditions do not touch ours at any point. Their religion is further removed from our own even than Mohammedanism. There is no natural

tie whatever between the two countries. No community of blood; no community of religion, for we came as Christians into a population divided between Brahminism and Mohammedanism.

India is a country as populous and in some large regions more populous than the most thickly peopled parts of Europe. It is a country in which we have over and over again had to wage war on a grand scale. Thus in the second Mahratta war of 1818, Lord Hast-

MOSQUE AT LAHORE.

ings brought into the field more than a hundred thousand men. Let us then contemplate a little the magnitude of this empire, and take some pains to realize it by comparing it to other magnitudes with which we are familiar. Let us think then of Europe without Russia, that is, of all that system of countries which a few centuries ago formed the whole scene of civilized history, all the European countries of the Roman Empire plus the whole of Germany, the Slavonic countries which are outside Russia, and the Scandinavian countries. India may be roughly said to be about equal both in area and population to all these countries taken together. This empire, which we now govern from Downing Street, and whose budget forms the annual annoyance and despair of the House of Commons, is considerably larger and more populous than the Empire of Napoleon when it had reached its utmost extent. And, as I have already said, it is an empire of the same kind, not some vast empty region like the old Spanish dominion in South America, but a crowded territory with an ancient civilization, with languages, religions, philosophies, and literatures of its own.

Is it possible that besides our terrible hive of population at home, giving rise to most anxious politics, and besides our vast colonial empire, we are also responsible for another empire densely peopled and about equal to Europe.

Nothing is to be considered for a moment but the well-being of India and England, and of the two countries, India, as being by much the more nearly interested, by much the larger, and by much the poorer, is to be considered before England. But on these very principles, and especially on account of the interest of India, it is impossible for the present to think of abandoning the task we have undertaken there. But I think it would be a very extreme view to deny that our government is better than any other which has existed in India since the Mussulman conquest.

There were not more than twelve millions of Englishmen at the time when the conquest began, and it was made in a period when England had other wars on her hands. Clive's career falls partly in the Seven Years' War of Europe, and the great annexations of Lord

Wellesley were made in the midst of our war with Napoleon.

We are not a military state. We did not in those times profess to be able to put on foot at any moment a great expeditionary army. Accordingly, in our European wars, we usually confined ourselves to acting with our fleet, while for hostilities on land it was our practice to subsidize any ally we might have among the military states, at one time Austria, at another Prussia. How then, in spite of all this weakness by land, could we manage to conquer during this time the greater part of India, an enormous region of nearly a million square

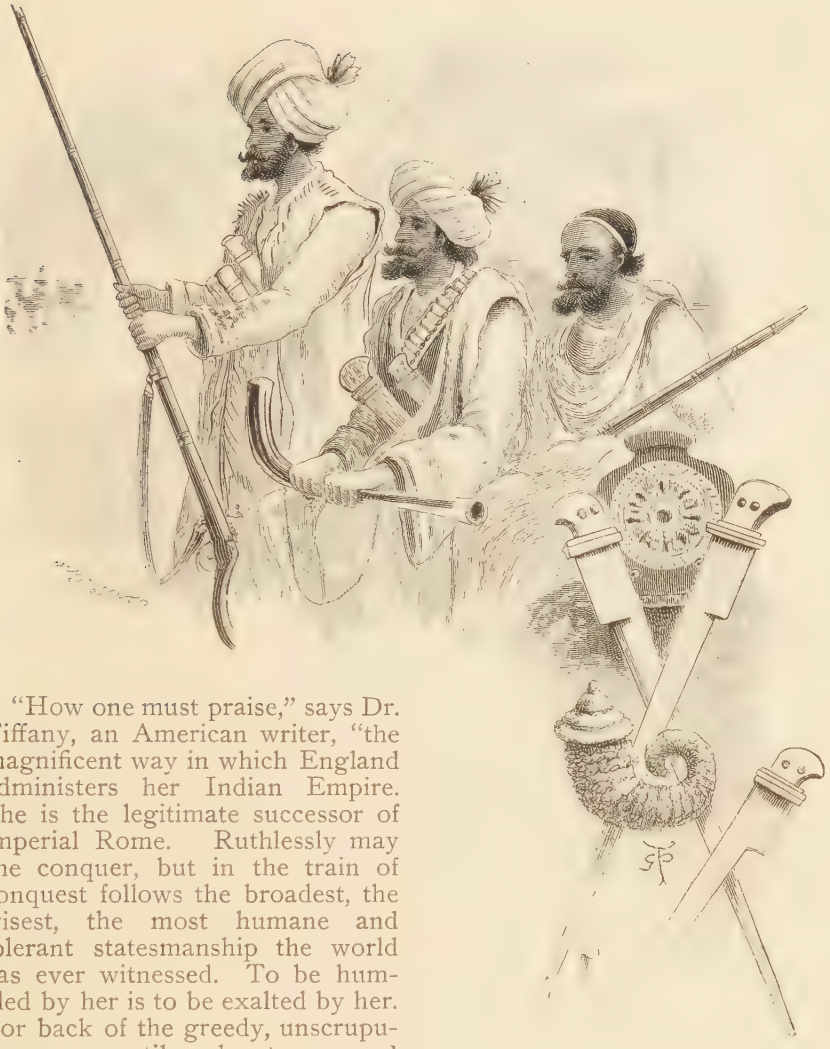
BRAHMIN PRIEST WITH SACRED MARKS ON FOREHEAD AND BODY.

miles, and inhabited by two hundred millions of people? What a drain such a work must have made upon our military force, what a drain upon our treasury! And yet somehow the drain seems never to have been perceived. Our European wars involved us in a debt that we have never been able to pay. But our Indian wars have not swelled the national debt. The exertions we had to make there seem to have left no trace behind them.

In the last great Mahratta war of 1818, we had, it appears, more than a hundred thousand men in the field. But what! That was the time of mortal exhaustion that succeeded the great Napoleonic war. Is it possible that only three years after the battle of Waterloo we were at war again on a vast scale, and had a much greater army in India than Lord Wellington had in Spain? Again, at the present moment the army kept on foot in India amounts to two hundred thousand men. What! two hundred thousand soldiers! and yet we are not a military state!

BODY GUARD AND PEON, MALABAR POINT.

This Indian army, we all know, does not consist of English soldiers, but mainly of native troops. Out of 200,000, only 65,000, or less than a third, are English. At the time of the mutiny there were 45,000 European troops to 235,000 native troops in India, that is, less than a fifth.



NATIVE INDIAN TROOPS.

"How one must praise," says Dr. Tiffany, an American writer, "the magnificent way in which England administers her Indian Empire. She is the legitimate successor of imperial Rome. Ruthlessly may she conquer, but in the train of conquest follows the broadest, the wisest, the most humane and tolerant statesmanship the world has ever witnessed. To be humbled by her is to be exalted by her. For back of the greedy, unscrupulous, mercantile adventurers and half pirates that are the first aggressors, lies the great truth-speaking, justice-loving, Christian civilization of the home nation, ever with its Edmund Burke, or kindred moral genius, to voice the deeper sentiment of the people for righteousness and mercy. What a noble breed of men the proconsuls she has sent out to rule a realm like India,—men heroic in courage, supremely loyal to duty, enlightened in intellect, devout in feeling, an honour to humanity, their biographies a more than modern Plutarch! Blessed the nation that has such constellations of worthies with which to fire the soul of its more generous and aspiring youth!"

India is a wonderful example of the energy and enterprise of the British race. At the beginning of the last century, before the British became the ruling power, the country did not produce $5,000,000 a

EVENING PRAYER.

year of staples for exportation. During the first three-quarters of a century of our rule, exports slowly rose to about $50,000,000 in 1834. Since that date the old inland duties and other restrictions on Indian trade have been abolished. Exports have multiplied sixfold. In 1880 India sold to foreign nations $330,000,000 worth of strictly Indian products, which the Indian husbandman had raised, and for which he was paid, and in that year the total trade of India, including exports and imports, exceeded $610,000,000.

In 1892-93, the number of vessels employed in Indian shipments was 10,723, with a tonnage of 7,692,291. The trade with Great Britain was: Imports, £30,573,106; exports, £27,902,572.

Count me o'er earth's chosen heroes—they were souls that stood alone,
While the men they agonized for hurled the contumelious stone,
Stood serene, and down the future saw the golden beam incline
To the side of perfect justice, mastered by their faith divine,
By one man's plain truth to manhood and to God's supreme design.

. . . . . .

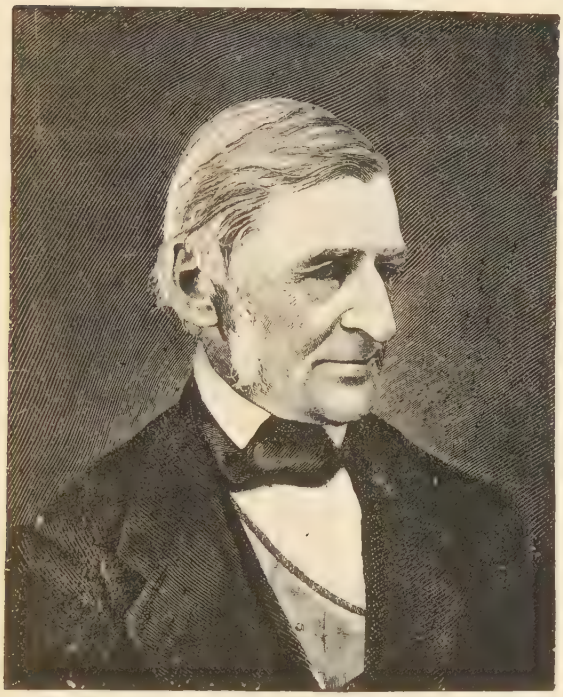
New occasions teach new duties; Time makes ancient good uncouth;
They must upward still, and onward, who would keep abreast of Truth;
Lo, before us gleam her camp-fires! we ourselves must pilgrims be,
Launch our Mayflower, and steer boldly through the desperate winter sea,
Nor attempt the Future's portal with the Past's blood-rusted key.

—*James Russell Lowell.*

THE LIFE AND WORK OF EMERSON.*

A STUDY.

BY MISS M. S. DANIELS, M.A.



I.

While Carlyle was hurling his heavy thunders against all manner of traditional falseness and conventionality in England, the New World, too, had her champion of intellectual truth and liberty. Yet, though bound together by ties of unity of purpose, and revering each the other with all the generous sincerity of truly great natures, two men could scarce be more constitutionally unlike than those two, "the Sage of Chelsea," and he who is called, on this side of the sea, "The Sage of Concord."

The life of Ralph Waldo Emerson was outwardly uneventful.

*Ralph Waldo Emerson's complete works: "Riverside Edition." With two portraits. In eleven volumes, gilt top. Each volume 12mo, $1.75; the set, $19.25. "Little Classic" Edition. In eleven volumes. Each volume, 18mo, $1.50; the set, in box, $16.50. Poems:—"Household Edition." With portrait. 12mo, $2.00. Essays:—"Little Classic" Edition. In two volumes, half calf, $6.00. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Toronto: William Briggs. The above cut is kindly loaned by the publishers.

Born in Boston, in the third year of this century, he had all the advantages of a fine heredity and early culture. He belonged to a race of ministers, and in his own personality, combined the robust, moral, and intellectual vigour of his father's family, with the devout spirituality inherited from his mother, adding to both his own peculiar and remarkable genius.

The household life of the Emersons, though somewhat austere, as we are told, and cramped in circumstances, was favourable to the cultivation of pure and noble virtue. "The boys," of whom Ralph Waldo was one, were conscientiously trained to the strictest regard of whatever is good and true and unselfish, and early learned those habits of prudence and careful economy, which contributed so much to their domestic serenity.

To two rare and noble women, who exerted a powerful influence over his early life, Emerson was deeply indebted, and as deeply grateful. These were his father's sister, Mary Moody Emerson, and Miss Sarah Bradford, afterwards Mrs. Samuel Ripley, women of rare intellectual strength and breadth. What their influence may have been in helping to form the mind of the young genius may be suggested by a letter written to him by Miss Bradford, when he was but eleven years old. "You love to trifle in rhyme a little now and then; why will you not complete this versification of the fifth Bucolic?" sending him a translation from Virgil. "You will answer two ends—improve in your Latin, as well as indulge a taste for poetry. Why can't you write me a letter in Latin? But Greek is your favourite language; epistola in lingua Graeca would be still better."

Emerson entered Harvard College in his fourteenth year. There he reached some distinction as a scholar. He won a prize for declamation, and was appointed class poet on his graduation. Honesty, however, compels us to mention that seven others had declined the office before he was asked to take it. But what did most in determining the direction of his mind in his college days was his independent reading, and association with such men as Edward Everett, Edward Channing, and George Ticknor, who were then professors in the university. After leaving college, he was engaged for five years in teaching. The occupation was not altogether congenial.

It was but natural that this descendant of eight generations of clergymen should select the ministry as a profession. After having studied theology three years, during which time he was much influenced by the character and teachings of the distinguished Unitarian divine, Channing, he was, at the age of twenty-three, "approbated to preach," by the Middlesex Association of Ministers, but being in delicate health, he went immediately south to spend the winter. After his return he became the associate pastor, with Henry Ware, junior, of the Second Church in Boston. He was popular and successful as a pastor, but finding that he differed from the Unitarian doctrines in some points, particularly in regard to the observance of the Lord's Supper, after three years he asked and obtained a dismissal.

Soon after he went abroad for a year. In England he formed a life-long friendship with Carlyle. After his return he preached several months at New Bedford, but, declining a call to settle there, entered upon the career as a lecturer to which the larger part of his life was devoted. In 1835 he was married to Lydian Jackson, of Plymouth, his first wife, Ellen Tucker,

having died three years previously, after a very brief wedded life.

On his marriage he took up his residence in the house in Concord which was his home during the remainder of his life. It is a large, old-fashioned, unpretentious dwelling, with a chestnut-lined path, leading up to the door, a garden, and a brook. The life within its walls was simple and quiet, but the quaint, dreamy, beautiful New England village derives an honour from being his home.

It is, of course, as an active force in the world of thought, that we are chiefly concerned to study Emerson. And it is just here that the difficulty arises of deciding in what category of great men he should be classed.

We sometimes call him a philosopher, but the prince of modern critics declares, and rightly, that a philosopher he was not. Philosophy speculates, reasons, proves ; but that is what Emerson never did. His mind acted by a kind of illumination, an immediate perception, or insight, and if his convictions were reached through any philosophical or logical processes, those processes were never made manifest. Each thought stands by itself as a perception, not as a conclusion, and is expressed as a simple, calm assertion, which there is no attempt to demonstrate.

This is the method of the poet, who is, in his essence, a seer or prophet. Yet a great poet, again, he was not. His was the poetic imagination, but he wrote comparatively little in verse, and what he did produce is open to severe criticism, from a literary standpoint, and is lacking in some of the elements commonly considered essential to true poetry.

His written prose work has exerted and is still exerting a great influence, yet we could not call Emerson a great writer. Those wonderful essays, which have so stirred the minds of men, are remarkable only for their contents, and furnish, in their form, much material for the critics. His repetition in illustration, his violations of rhetoric, and even grammar, his abrupt, epigrammatic style, his disregard of logical sequence and total want of system in the arrangement of his sentences and paragraphs, his frequent obscurity in meaning, and his wilful employment of strange or newly-coined words, are not the characteristics of the finished essayist.

He is a critic, but not a great critic. A lover of books, he values them only for what they contain, their spiritual qualities, and his literary judgments are often worthless, though interesting as revealing himself.

Nor is he a great thinker. His intellect is essentially intuitive, and contains apparently little more of the reflective element than of the philosophical. He is no expounder of abstractions or metaphysics. His method is always that of one who knows or sees rather than of one who thinks, though perhaps no man in his generation has set so many other minds to thinking, and thinking intensely, as he.

How then shall we rank him ? To me, more than a philosopher, more than a poet, more than a thinker or a writer, he was a great moral and intellectual awakener, a man with a conviction so mighty that he must proclaim it, with a personality so broad that none can calculate its influence, so deep and distinct as to leave its impress on an age. His work was the work of a preacher, though during the greater part of his life he preached without a pulpit, and without the recognition of any religious body. His honest and single aim—as who can doubt—was ever to awaken, to purify, and to inspire the moral sentiment of his hearers. But he was a preacher whom no church

would own—the apostle of a new faith.

Emerson's first public work after his withdrawal from the pastorate, was in the lecture field, where he occupied a unique position created by himself. Here he treated a great variety of subjects. In 1836, he published the book, "Nature," a clear and compact presentation of his scheme of idealism. In 1841, the first series of his essays was given to the public, and in 1844, the second series. In 1846 he collected and published his poems, and, as time went on, brought out successively his "Representative Men," a series of mental portraits of Plato, Swedenborg, Montaigne, Shakespeare, Napoleon, and Goethe, showing calm and dispassionate, though not always unbiassed, judgment; the "Memoirs of Margaret Fuller," and "English Traits." During all these years he was delivering addresses before lyceums, mechanics' institutes, and other societies, on the philosophy of history, English literature, human culture, human life, the present age, and other topics. Some of these have never been published, but many of them have been revised, condensed, and printed in the editions of his collected works.

It was the publication of the book "Nature" which first brought Emerson prominently before the world. It was only a little book, and it took twelve years to sell five hundred copies of it, but it excited a great deal of attention and discussion, and awakened warm enthusiasm among a few persons, resulting in the formation of a little coterie of some of the rarest intellectual lights of the day, into what was called the Transcendental Club, of which Emerson himself was a member.

This book expresses the view that the sole end of nature is discipline for the soul, and the doubt whether the natural world outwardly exists, is more than a phenomenon. These views, making all nature only a manifestation of God, of course led to the suspicion of heresy, and the charge of pantheism.

Emerson believed the true communion to be purely spiritual, and held that the rite of communion, as observed in the churches, was a repudiation of the spiritual worship taught by Jesus, and a return to the very forms from which he sought to liberate men. His transcendentalism had led to his resigning his pastoral relation a few years previously. The same cause effected the entire severing of his connection with the Unitarian Church. As strong an element in his personality as his idealism was his intense individualism. Anything which he suspected of having even the appearance of limiting his moral or intellectual liberty, was intolerable to him. He would learn from all men, from all systems, but he would think independently, he would be answerable to no man or body of men. And so he quietly retired from the ministry and fellowship of the Church in which he had been born and bred.

This doctrine of individualism, of the sublime self-trust, which governed his own actions, he preached most earnestly and insistently. "Insist on yourself," he says; "never imitate." . . "That which each man can do best, none but his Maker can teach him." "Every personal consideration that we allow," he says, "costs us heavenly state. We sell the thrones of angels for a short and turbulent pleasure." And again, "No one is accomplished whilst any one is incomplete. Weal does not exist for one with the woe of any other."

Perhaps no man in his generation has excited more criticism and discussion than Emerson, but

no man has probably been less affected by it. In the violent controversy which led to his abandonment of Unitarianism, he sat apart in perfect calmness and self-possession. Day by day and year by year, he lived out his faith,—or philosophy, call it what you will. It was characteristic of this man that he never could be drawn into an argument. He stated his convictions as facts, but having stated them left them to accomplish what they might, and never made any attempt to defend his positions. So the poet prevailed over the philosopher.

That Emerson has been wilfully or ignorantly misrepresented, there can be little doubt. As a Unitarian, and still more as an advocate of more liberal belief, he was undeniably theologically an opponent of what is most revered in the orthodox Christian Churches. Yet with his revulsion against the ultra-Calvinism of New England, as it then was, most Christians of to-day will sympathize. His belief, though he had no formal creed, may be gathered from one of his declarations: "I believe the Christian religion to be profoundly true." In recognizing the authority of conscience and the moral sentiment, Emerson is in union with the great teachers of all religions. He finds in Christianity the truest and most spiritual expression of the eternal truths, and is Christian in his acceptance of its spirit and teachings; but he rejects the faith wherein it seeks to identify itself with a person, a book, or a history, and so is not what we mean by a Christian.

That he was a pantheist some will always strenuously maintain, and others as stoutly deny. To this charge he always, at least, left himself liable; but as the word is used by philosophers and theologians in a strict sense, he never was a pantheist. His ardent faith in God as a living reality to his own soul would class him with the theists; but some of the elements of theism, too, he rejects, such as the distinction between good and evil, between matter and mind, and perhaps—I cannot tell—the personality of God. The true solution of the problem seems to be, that he took what truth he was able to grasp and make vital to himself from both pantheism and theism, and did not trouble himself with speculative doubts or systematic theology. He relied upon his intuition, not upon his reason.

NATURE'S GOD.

BY REV. J. C. SPEER.

THERE'S not a blade of grass that grows,
And not a mighty stream which flows;
There's not a worm that creeps the sod,
Which tells not of the power of God.

There's not a flowering palm-tree fair,
And not a mountain high in air;
There's not a storm that sweeps the sea,
Which speaks not of my God to me.

The awful clouds across the sky,
The rolling ocean tossing high,
The sunshine dancing on the rill,
Proclaim to man His sovereign will.

The singing linnet in the trees,
The merry music of the breeze,
The honey bees 'mid clover sweet,
These all their Maker's praise repeat.

Above, below and far away
In gloom of night or opening day,
The voice of love and law's strong rod
Declare to all the Father God.

TORONTO.

DALMATIA AND ITS MEMORIES.

THE STORY OF A PALACE.

BY T. G. BONNEY.

DOORWAY OF DIOCLETIAN'S PALACE, AT SPALATO, DALMATIA.

Dalmatia is a country in all respects peculiar. It is a long strip, which runs along the eastern side of the Adriatic for some one hundred and thirty-five miles—the seaward slope of the Dinaric Alps—together with a chain of neighbouring islands. Its greatest breadth is about forty miles, but towards the south, where its frontier recedes from the mountain crest, it is reduced to little more than a littoral fringe, sometimes less than ten miles in breadth.

It is also a highland district—throughout the whole region level ground is very rare. Occasionally small tracts occur, which are little

more than undulating; but as a rule Dalmatia is hilly and often even mountainous. The islands follow the same rule. They are small separated samples of the mainland.

One of the latest chapters in its physical history is revealed almost at the first glance. From at least the south of Istria to below Dalmatia the land has been affected by a downward movement. The coast is fringed by hundreds of islands, varying from only a few square yards to many square miles in area, which repeat the forms and contours of the mainland. Here and there the sea penetrates for some distance; the coast line, as we examine the chart, recalling in many respects that of the western margin of Scotland, or still better, of Norway. These islands were once the summit of hills, and formed a part of the mainland; these inlets were the beds of valleys, the upper parts of which can still be traced rising and ramifying from the water's edge. Perhaps no town in Europe is so singular in its history or so unique in its architectural interest as Spalato. Its very name proclaims its origin: Ad Palatium—at the palace. On its site, sixteen centuries since, as far as we have been able to ascertain, were only fields; perhaps also a few fishermen's huts, or vine-dressers' cottages, for it must always have been easy to land by the little strath, and the country round is exceptionally fertile. But about a league away, upon a hidden inlet of the sea, there was an ancient city, by name Salona. In its neighbourhood, a little before the middle of the third century of the present era, a child had been born, who in his fortieth year, by the strange turn of fortune's wheel, became Emperor of Rome.

PORTA CHIAPPI.

But if the prize was splendid, the drawbacks were many. In those days the burden of empire was ex-

ceptionally heavy, and before long Diocletian took a colleague in the purple, and the joint emperors, later still, chose out two Caesars to share their labour. But even then, after twenty years of rule and sixty of life, Diocletian became weary, and his health also began to fail. Of the people it might then be truly said, "without were fightings, within were fears." War was constantly breaking out, now here, now there, round the frontier of the overgrown empire. Plots were frequent at home; the assassin or the rebel not seldom ended an emperor's life. If new enemies were pressing the empire from its frontiers, new forces, seemingly of disintegration, were coming into play within, with which rulers must reckon. The old order was changing, "yielding place to new," in more than one respect. The power of the old gods was declining, that strange new sect of the Nazarenes was growing.

Diocletian had made a last, desperate attempt to stamp out the upstart faith, by the tenth great persecution of the Christians, but this had utterly failed; the Christian enthusiast evidently was not to be convinced by heathen philosopher or cowed by heathen soldier. Plainly, before long this alien creed would have to be tolerated, if it had not to be accepted. So the emperor had already turned his thoughts to his native hills and his native coast, to the mansions of Salona, and the gardens by the riverside. Before the end of the third century this became his usual residence. In the year 305 he abdicated, and entered on the life of a country gentleman. Thenceforward, when men sought to interest him in the affairs of state, he showed them his cabbages.

But the provincial city, though no mean place, contained no residence worthy of Diocletian's rank; perhaps, also, he desired a life rather more secluded than was possible on the outskirts of a considerable town; so he built himself a palace on the site of Spalato. By the shore of the Adriatic was raised a huge quadrangle of masonry, built with the compact limestones of Dalmatia, wrought often into elaborate sculpture, and adorned with columns from the granite quarries of Egypt. To this vast group of buildings Diocletian retired about the time of his abdication. He did not long enjoy this sumptuous retreat, for in the year 313 he died, possibly worn out by disease, but not without suspicions that his end had been hastened.

Practically this vast expenditure seems hardly to have served any further purpose, though, some century and a half afterwards, the palace sheltered another ex-emperor for a time, and was also the scene of his murder. Probably it fell into disrepair before the final troubles of the empire began. Then for a time we know not its fate precisely, while horde after horde of barbarians streamed southward, plundering and destroying, as they flocked like vultures to batten on the bloated carcass of the dying empire of Rome.

From the gates of Salona, Narses and Belisarius had gone forth to check for a brief time the advancing tide of ruin; but at last the Avars swept down on the ancient city, and it was stormed, sacked, and burnt. Bad as was Goth or Herule—and it had experienced the tender mercies of each—the Hun was far worse. So in the year 639 Salona became a vast desert of smoking ruins, and those of its inhabitants who had escaped with life, were left houseless.

But the huge palace of Diocletian was in a better condition; doubtless it had been visited by the spoiler, but it had escaped the fire.

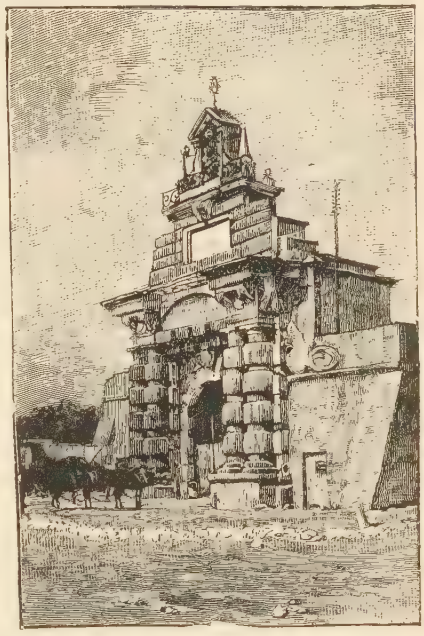
So the homeless folk betook themselves thither, the paupers "squatted" in the deserted chambers of princes, and thus the palace became a town. Some ten years afterwards a legate arrived from the Pope; the substitution of the Church of Spalato for that of Salona was duly recognized, and it became the seat of an archbishop.

The temple erected by Diocletian was consecrated "for the worship of God and the Virgin Mary," and its sanctity was increased by transferring to it the relics of St. Domnius, first bishop of Salona, who had received the crown of martyrdom early in the second century. Part of the royal apartments became the residence of the archbishop; the great Colonnade was blocked up with masonry, but though this must have been rebuilt more than once, much of the Roman work still remains comparatively uninjured.

It has been rightly said, that in Spalato we have "the most perfect example of domestic Roman architecture which has come down to us." But it is more than this; "like the coeval buildings of Palmyra and Baalbec, it marks the eve of a fresh departure." The main outlines of the original structure can still be traced with ease; but the investigation of details and the identification of many parts of the palace are rendered extremely difficult by the narrow streets, often mere alleys, the crowded buildings, and the strange mixture of modern and ancient, of Roman, Venetian, and Dalmatian, and by the use of old materials in newer work. The general plan, however, has been ascertained by patient labours, and may be described in a few words.

The building as left by Diocletian was almost a rectangle—the face parallel with the sea measuring from corner to corner, 592 feet; the opposite face being, for some reason or other, shorter by twenty-two feet. The sides are longer than either end, measuring 698 feet. Thus the edifice covers about nine and a half acres, fully two-thirds the area of the Tower of London.

Not many years since, the accumulation of soil and rubbish had been so great as to bury the gate to within a foot or so of the lintel; but excavations have once more shown this remarkable work in its



ANCIENT CITY GATE.

true proportion. The whole enclosure of the palace is divided into four parts by streets joining the opposite gateways.

If this be so, the "Galilean has indeed conquered." The tomb-house of the last persecutor of the Christians has become their place of worship, while of its former occupant it is indeed true that "they have taken him away, and we know not where they have laid him." But we must not linger

longer among the narrow and sometimes odoriferous streets of Spalato, and its endless fragments of classic and mediaeval work. It is interesting at all hours, but the inner courts and the great outer wall of the southern facade, by the silver light of the full moon, assume a solemn grandeur that words cannot express.

The dwellers in the old walled cities of Southern Europe must have felt to a remarkable degree cabined, cribbed, confined. The conditions of defence were such that as small an area as possible was enclosed within its walls. This made the circuit to be manned less, and the cost of their construction to be less. The streets, therefore, within the walls, were very narrow and the houses very crowded. Sometimes a row of houses is built close up against the walls. The gates are also small, so as to be capable of defence, and are overhung by a gate-house or fortress through openings in which missiles were hurled, and sometimes hot pitch and molten lead were poured upon the enemy, as shown in our cut.

THE RELIGIOUS ELEMENT IN EDUCATION.*

BY THE REV. A. SUTHERLAND, D.D.

The question underlying the theme I propose to discuss is this: Shall our educational system be entirely secular, or shall the religious element, in the form of Christian evidences and Christian ethics, be incorporated therewith? In some quarters there is a disposition not merely to undervalue the religious element in education, but to ignore it altogether. Men sometimes speak of "Science and Religion," or "Culture and Religion," as though they were things entirely separate and distinct; while some speak of the "conflict" of science and religion, and others try to "reconcile" science and religion, as if they were positively antagonistic. The thought is misleading; the divorce is unnatural. Culture and religion are not antagonistic; the one is the completion, or, rather, let me say, the one is the soul of the other.

1. An education which excludes the religious element is defective. In the nature of things it must be so, because it omits a vast amount of important truth. Considering the vast range of subjects open for investigation, human life is far too short to master them all; but while we may be compelled to omit some, perhaps many, subjects from the curricula of our schools and colleges, we should see to it that the most important are included. And, if character is to count for anything, there is no subject in the whole range of human studies that compares in point of importance with the great truths of God, and Duty and Destiny.

The most serious defect in a purely secular education is that it supplies no adequate force for the development of moral character. If it be said that intellectual culture is sufficient for this purpose, I need only reply in the words of Herbert Spencer—a by no means partial witness—that "the belief in the moralizing effects of intellectual culture, flatly contradicted by facts, is absurd." If it be said that aesthetic culture is a sufficient sub-

* An address delivered before the Provincial Teachers' Association, in 1887.

stitute, I call upon John Ruskin—no mean authority—to reply, and this is his answer: "The period of perfect art is the period of decline. At the moment when a perfect picture appeared in Venice, a perfect statue in Florence, a perfect fresco in Rome, from that hour forward probity, industry, and courage were exiled from their walls." And if it be said that our schools and colleges should confine themselves strictly to secular topics, leaving religious truth to the Church and the Sunday-school, I cite Victor Cousin to the stand, and I hear him testify that "any system of school training which sharpens and strengthens the intellectual powers, without at the same time affording a source of restraint and countercheck to their tendency to evil, is a curse rather than a blessing."

2. An education which excludes the religious element is untrue. The primary object of all true education is to teach the individual mind to think; and this ability to think should be made to pervade universal society. If we have labourers, their pickaxes and shovels should think; if we have artisans, their spindles and shuttles should think; if we have mechanics, their saws and planes, their anvils and hammers, their mallets and chisels, should think; and, more important still, if we have voters their ballots should think. But while it is important that men should think, it is far more important that they should think true thoughts; and our schools and colleges must largely decide whether the thought of the future shall be false or true.

Now, I maintain that no man can think truly on any important subject who has not learned to think as a Christian, because without this qualification he is as one who omits the chief facts from his data, and the major premiss of his argument. Does a man think truly in natural science who sees in all the phenomena of matter only the play of natural forces, and in its combinations only a fortuitous concourse of atoms? Does he think truly in history who never sees God's finger in the destinies of nations, nor hears His footfall in the march of the centuries? Does he think truly in anatomy or physiology, who sees no evidence of Divine wisdom in the human frame, "so fearfully and wonderfully made?" I trow not. And as he does not think truly who excludes God from his thinking, so neither can he teach truly. He teaches only half truths at best, and a half truth is often as pernicious as a positive lie.

3. An education which excludes the religious element tends toward infidelity and atheism. This must be its tendency in the nature of things; this is its tendency as matter of fact. We must remember that education is carried on by a twofold process—the knowledge communicated and the impressions produced. The one largely determines what the student shall know; the other determines what he shall become. Now what are the impressions that will inevitably be left upon the mind of a youth by an education that is purely secular? As a rule, the impressions will be that religion is a very secondary matter; that it has no legitimate connection with mental development; that it is out of place in the spheres of philosophy and science, and is antagonistic to the advanced thought of the age. If, under these circumstances, a student retains his belief in the Bible, and his reverence for God and religion, it is not because of his education, but in spite of it.

Some, I am aware, maintain a contrary opinion; but they overlook most important facts. They seem to take for granted that a human mind is but like a glass vessel in which a certain quantity of

something we call "knowledge" is stored, which can be drawn upon at pleasure, but which has no effect upon the texture of the vessel; that whether the contents are healthful food, or deadly poison, the glass remains uninjured. This is a terrible mistake. Knowledge introduced into, and impressions made upon, the mind do not remain distinct from it. They are woven into the very texture, so to speak, of the mind itself, giving new directions to thought, new colourings to our perceptions of truth, and a new bias to the moral nature. Moreover, the years usually spent at school and college are the very years when the human mind receives its most decisive bent; when teaching, combined with surrounding influences, will do most to determine what the future character shall be; the years, in a word, when thought crystallizes into lasting conviction; when a permanent direction is given to moral tendencies; when habits both of thinking and acting receive a bias which is not easily changed.

4. An education which excludes the religious element is fraught with peril to the State. The foundation of national safety is national virtue, the moral sentiments of the people, rectitude in the private life of the citizen. But moral sentiments and moral rectitude must be sustained by adequate moral forces, and these Christianity alone supplies. To quote the emphatic language of Washington—"Reason and experience both forbid us to expect that national morality can prevail in exclusion of religious principles."

All history testifies that intellectual culture is no safeguard from moral vileness, ending in national degeneration and decay. Egypt, once in the van of civilization and learning, is to-day "the basest of nations," and the once mighty empires of Greece and Rome tell the same sad story. Where shall we find such philosophy, such oratory, such art, as in the land that gave to the world a Homer, a Pericles, a Demosthenes, an Aristotle? Where shall we find such jurisprudence, such statesmanship, such eloquence, as in the empire that could boast of a Justinian, a Caesar, a Cicero? But where are Greece and Rome to-day? They have fallen. Their civilization lacked the conserving element; the salt was without savour, and was cast out to be trodden under feet of men.

Such examples are full of warning. The causes which led to national downfall then are in operation to-day, and history may repeat herself nearer home than we apprehend. If our civilization is to be progressive and permanent, if our institutions are to rest upon solid foundations, if freedom is to

> Broaden slowly down
> From precedent to precedent,

if our liberties are to rest secure in the guardianship of public morality, our schools and colleges, where the leaders of thought are trained, must be permeated through and through with the principles of New Testament Christianity. In the words of De Tocqueville—"Despotism may govern without religious faith, but liberty cannot." A lofty morality is the only sufficient safeguard of the liberties of a free people, but "morality," says Dr. J. P. Newman, "without God as its authoritative reason, is but a social compact, a human stipulation, to be broken at will or enforced against will."

If I were considering the case of a pagan nation, my proposition would be conceded almost without demur. Let us take Japan as an illustration. There a vast nation has suddenly awakened from centuries of intellectual slumber. They have thrown open their gates

to Western civilization, and the most marked feature of the awakening is a universal craving for education—a craving so strong that to satisfy it the government has organized a system of education embracing more than 50,000 common schools, a number of High Schools, Normal Training Schools for both men and women, and an Imperial University, said by those who knew the facts to be equal in its equipment and in the ability of its professors to Oxford or Cambridge. The most superficial thinker cannot fail to see that these schools and colleges will be mighty factors in moulding the national character, and that they will determine, in no small degree, what the future of the nation is to be. If I now submit the question —"Ought Japan to have an education purely secular, or one permeated throughout by Christian truth and Christian influences?" scarce any one will hesitate to reply, "The hope of Japan is in Christian education."

If, then, a purely secular education is unsafe for the awakening intellect of a heathen nation, on what principle is it safe for the growing intellect of a professedly Christian nation, unless it be on the supposition that we have advanced so far as to have no further need of God?. It is confessed that when laying the foundations of an abiding civilization, an education with the savour of Christian truth is good; but some appear to think that so soon as the nation has got beyond its infancy, the savour can be safely dispensed with. "Be not deceived; God is not mocked. Whatsoever a man"—or a nation—"soweth, that shall he also reap;" and the nation that soweth the wind of a godless education, must reap the whirlwind of a swift and hopeless decay.

5. But what is meant by the "religious element" in education? Not the sectarian element, as some would have us believe; though, for that matter, I would rather have my boy taught by the most pronounced sectarian,provided he were a godly man, than by the most brilliant teacher who ruled Christ and the Bible out of his classroom. The cry against "sectarian" education has been made to do duty on more than one occasion in the history of this country. Some have used it ignorantly, some thoughtlessly, and some for a purpose—that is, as a convenient way of exciting prejudice. But I plead for the religious—not the sectarian—element.

Further, I do not mean the theological element. This is another mistake made by many; they confound religion with theology, and then seem to regard theology as something to be kept distinct from other studies and pursuits; and so they say, let our sons get their education in secular schools and colleges, and then let the Churches have their theological schools in which to teach religion to those who are preparing for the Christian ministry. I deprecate the misapprehension, as it is with some; I protest against the misrepresentation, as it is with others. The religious education for which we plead does not mean the study of sectarian theology.

What, then, it may be asked, do you mean by the religious element? I mean—say, in the common schools of our country—(1) Such a recognition of God and our dependence upon Him, as will find expression in some simple form of devotion at the opening or the closing of the school, or both; (2) the Word of God in the school as a recognized text book, either in complete form or in the form of selected lessons; (3) the inculcation by the teacher, on all suitable occasions, of the great principles of Christian morality, which have

their basis in the Ten Commandments and the Sermon on the Mount. More than this I do not ask; less than this I cannot accept.

6. I plead for a recognition of the religious element for the sake of our sons. If we knew that a year hence those sons, in crossing a wide and deep river, would be suddenly plunged into its rushing current, the knowledge would change some of our plans, at least, in regard to their training. Not a day would be lost in teaching them to swim, and perhaps not satisfied with this we would provide the best life-preservers money could buy, and would have the lads carefully instructed how to use them. The illustration is none too strong. In a few years our boys will be plunged into a sea where they must swim or drown, and where nothing but fixed religious principles will suffice to keep their heads above water, and sustain them until they reach the other side. Our sons, as they go forth to life's great battle, must face the same problems and grapple with the same foes that we have had to encounter. Shall we, then, send them forth unprepared —utterly unarmed and defenceless? Oh, surely not! But will an education that is purely secular supply the needed armour of proof? Nay; nothing but "the armour of righteousness on the right hand and on the left" can possibly shield them in the strife. If my statements seem extravagant, listen at least to the words of Professor Huxley, whom one is almost surprised to find on this side of the question: "There must be a moral substratum to a child's education to make it valuable, and there is no other source from which this can be obtained at all comparable to the Bible."

You may ask what difference it makes who teaches my boy chemistry, biology, anatomy, astronomy, or the like. It may make a tremendous difference, both in regard to what he is taught and how it is taught; for often the tone and spirit of a teacher go farther than the instruction he gives in determining what a student shall become. In that most critical period of life when intellect is fairly awaking, when the youth is just becoming conscious of the mental power that has been slumbering within him; when he longs to explore new and untried regions; when he craves a wider freedom, and regards with suspicion whatever claims authority over his thoughts or actions; when he begins to regard intellectual culture as the highest possible good, and looks up to his teacher as an incarnation of wisdom, from whose dictum there can be no appeal; at such a time the teaching and influence of the class-room may make all the difference between moral safety and moral shipwreck.

If, for example, my boy is engaged in the study of biology, does it make no difference whether he hears from his teacher's lips that God is the only Author and Giver of life, or is told that life, so far from being a Divine gift, is only a spontaneous generation from lifeless matter? If he is studying the structure and laws of the human frame, does it make no difference whether he is taught to recognize Divine power and wisdom in the marvellous adaptation of means to ends, saying with the Psalmist, "I am fearfully and wonderfully made. . . Thine eyes did see my substance, yet being unperfect; and in Thy book all my members were written, which in continuance were fashioned when as yet there was none of them:" or, on the other hand, is taught to believe that he is but the product of a blind force; that he came, by some unlucky accident, from the darkness of the past, and is speeding swiftly toward the deeper darkness beyond?

If he is studying the wonders of the starry universe, does it make no difference whether the instructions to which he listens be in the spirit of the Psalmist's confession, "The heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament showeth His handiwork;" or in the spirit of the French atheist who said, "The heavens declare only the glory of Laplace and Leverrier?" Ah! yes; it does make a difference—an incalculable difference—a difference that can be measured only by celestial diameters.

7. I plead for a recognition of the religious element for the sake of the nation. Matthew Arnold has told us that the hope of the world is in its sages and its saints. In other words, Wisdom and Righteousness are the twin forces to save society from corruption and decay. The remark is good, though not particularly original. The principle was recognized by God, if not by man, far back in human history. Ten righteous men would have saved Sodom; the seven thousand who had not bowed the knee to Baal were the conserving force in Israel; and this consensus of Old Testament teaching is emphasized and confirmed in the New by the declaration of Christ concerning his disciples, "Ye are the salt of the earth."

The future of this nation, its purity and permanence, will depend upon the extent to which all its institutions—social, commercial, political—are permeated by Christian principles, and this, in turn, will depend upon the education we give our sons and daughters. He must be blind indeed who sees no necessity for higher and better principles in both political and commercial life. Unless there be improvement in these directions the future forbodes disaster. In the school as well as in the home the remedy must be applied; Christian principles must be interwoven with the moral fibre of our sons and daughters in the process of education, and not be put on as a convenient veneering afterwards.

The issues are far more serious than most persons seem to know. The question as between the Christian and the secularist in this land is not the inspiration of the Bible, and the thousand and one questions which grow out of that; but it is whether the spirit of our educational system is to be secular or religious, and whether it is to be controlled by the Christian or by the secularist? Some one may say I am putting this too strongly; but there are numbers of people who are by no means sceptics, and even many who claim to be Christians, who think that religion is out of place in school or college.

A moment's reflection will show that such persons, whether consciously or not, are putting themselves on the infidel's platform, and are reasoning along his lines. The only difference is, that while he perceives the logical outcome of his argument, the others do not. He demands a purely secular education; they join with him, though not with the same end in view; but while the methods are alike, the results cannot be widely different. He would have a nation of atheists, made such by their education; they would have a nation of Christians, who are such in spite of their education. He would annihilate all belief in the existence of a personal God—all respect for His character—all reverence for His law; they would retain these things in the Church and the home, though joining to exclude them from the college and the school. But the result is the same. Between them both, Christ must seek the shelter of the manger, because there is no room for him in the inn. He must be relegated to the companionship of the ignorant and the lowly, because they can find no

room for him in the misnamed culture of this age.

In the army of cultured teachers who serve in the schools of this Province there are many noble men and women who feel the responsibility of their office, and that their whole trust is not discharged by drilling their pupils a few hours per day in purely secular studies. They long to lead them up to higher planes of thought and motive. But you meet with scant encouragement; few seem to sympathize with your efforts, and sometimes the thought comes, I may as well confine myself strictly to secular studies and leave all religious precept to the home and the Church. Be not so despondent. Remember you are working for the future, and although the fruit of your labour does not immediately appear, you shall reap hereafter with abundant increase.

"Take heart! the waster builds again;
A charmed life old Goodness hath;
The tares may perish, but the grain
Is not for death.

"God works in all things; all obey
His first propulsion from the night;
Wake thou and watch! the world is gray
With morning light."

One last thought let me leave with you. The influence you exert in moulding the moral character of your pupils will depend upon the extent to which you are yourselves imbued with the principles you teach, for in this matter more depends on what you are than on how much you know.

"Thou must thyself be true
If thou the truth wouldst teach;
Thy soul must overflow if thou
Another's soul wouldst reach;
It needs the overflow of heart
To give the lips full speech.

"*Think* truly, and thy thought
Shall the world's famine feed;
Speak truly, and each word of thine
Shall be a fruitful seed;
Live truly, and thy life shall prove
A grand and noble creed."

ONWARD.

BY AMY PARKINSON.

Have we not heard how, when with darkened vision
And hearts grown faint His people trembling stand,
The Lord moves on before and bids them follow—
Leader, Himself, of every pilgrim band?

And know we not that, e'en though strange the pathway,
Safely they travel onward, day by day,
Since with His light He doth illume their darkness,
And He makes straight for them the tortuous way?

Pledged is His word that He will ne'er forsake them,
But still precede unto the journey's end—
Their Guide not only, but a sure Protector
Whose strong right arm is mighty to defend.

Then press we boldly on with feet that swerve not;
This God is ours forever and for aye;
Our gloom He will enlighten, and before us
Make plain the mazes of life's sinuous way.

Day after day in safety He will guide us,
Till, the long journey o'er, with Him we stand
Where, for tired pilgrim feet, sweet rest there waiteth
Within the borders of the Better Land.

Toronto.

MICHAEL FARADAY.

BY C. A. CHANT, B.A.

Michael Faraday was born on September 22, 1791, and died August 25, 1867. No one ever started in life in a more modest position, and no one passed away more honoured, trusted and beloved than he.

Faraday's grandfather, Robert (b. 1724), was a farmer in Yorkshire; his father, James (b. 1761), who came to London to live, was a blacksmith. In 1796, the latter moved to rooms over a coach-house, in Manchester Square. In 1801, when corn was above £9 per quarter, Michael, then nine years old, was given by his parents one loaf weekly, and this had to last him that time.

Faraday's mother died in 1838, by which time Michael had risen to some distinction. She was naturally very proud of "my Michael," and would do nothing without his advice. Faraday asked his wife not to talk to her about his honours, saying she was already quite proud enough of him.

Of his education he says, "It was of the most ordinary description, consisting of little more than the rudiments of reading, writing, and arithmetic, at a common school."

A short distance from his home was the shop of the bookseller, Mr. George Riebau, and in 1804, Faraday went to this man on trial for a year as errand boy. He had to carry round the papers which were lent out by his master. His indentures as an apprentice are dated October 7, 1804, and in them appears the line, "In consideration of his faithful service, no premium is given." It was while an apprentice that Faraday's mind was turned to science through reading an article on "Electricity," in an encyclopedia which he was binding. He also used to go to hear a Mr. Tatum lecture on natural philosophy, attending in all twelve or thirteen lectures. Through Mr. Tatum, he made the acquaintance of a Mr. Huxtable, a medical student, and Mr. Benjamin Abbott, a confidential clerk, and these three assisted each other in their attempts to obtain a knowledge of science.

To Abbott, Faraday wrote a series of letters begun three months before his apprenticeship ended, and these are invaluable in showing what immense progress he had made. Indeed, it is hard to believe that they were written by a newspaper boy, while a bookbinder's apprentice, and not yet twenty-one years of age. In his very first letter, he describes experiments which he had made in decomposing the salts of several metals, by means of the voltaic pile.

On October 8, 1812, Faraday started as a journeyman bookbinder. His employer, however, a Mr. de la Touche, was a very passionate man, and gave him so much trouble that he would not remain, although the master was very sorry to see him go. Moreover, he was anxious to escape from trade which he thought "vicious and selfish."

At this time the star of British science was Sir Humphry Davy, and through the kindness of Mr. Dance, a member of the Royal Institution, Faraday was taken to hear four lectures by Davy. Of these lectures he took full notes, which he made complete on his return home. Some time after this, he wrote to Sir Humphry, and ex-

pressed his desire to enter the service of science, and as a proof of his earnestness, he enclosed the notes which he had made of the lectures he had attended. He was advised not to leave his business but in the following February, one of the assistants in the Institution was dismissed, and at Davy's suggestion Faraday was engaged in his place. The salary was twenty-five shillings per week, with two rooms at the top of the house. Thus it was at the age of twenty-two Faraday entered the Royal Institution, now so much honoured in British science through his connection therewith.

In the following autumn (Oct., 1813), Sir Humphry Davy made a tour to France, Italy, and other parts of the continent, and Faraday went with him as his amanuensis. They were absent for a year and a half, and Faraday's journal shows how accurate and minute an observer he was, while his letters are full of his kindly affectionate spirit. In one of his letters to his mother, he says:

"The first and last thing in my mind is England, home and friends. It is the point to which my thoughts still ultimately tend, the goal to which, looking over immediate things, my eyes are directed. . . Whenever a vacant hour occurs, I employ it by thinking of those at home. Whenever present circumstances are disagreeable, I amuse myself by thinking of those at home. In short, when sick, when cold, when tired, thoughts of those at home are a warm and refreshing balm to my heart. . . These are the first and greatest sweetness in the life of man."

While on the tour, all the great men of science came to call upon Sir Humphry, and Faraday records pretty fully their scientific discussions and discoveries. But very glad was he to get back to his own country and friends.

Two weeks after his return, he was again engaged in the Royal Institution, with a salary of thirty shillings a week and apartments. He now knew well Davy's powers as an investigator, and also his lack of method and of self-control; Faraday was wise enough to learn from the first what he should do, and from the second what he should avoid. In 1810 appeared his first original contribution to science; it was an analysis of native caustic lime. The work was given him by Davy, and the communication describing it was the first of a long series which have shed over British science a lustre which can never fade.

In October, 1818, Faraday commenced a correspondence with Professor G. de la Rive, of Geneva. When at that city with Davy, De la Rive had not been so dazzled with Davy's fame and powers as not to observe the true worth of his assistant, and this led him to place Faraday, in one respect, on an equality with Davy. While they were staying at his house, he wished them to dine together at his table, but as Faraday acted in some respects as servant, Davy declined. At this De la Rive expressed his feelings strongly, and ordered dinner in a separate room for Faraday. The correspondence thus begun was continued with De la Rive's son, and lasted for fifty years.

In The Quarterly Journal of Science, Faraday had several papers every year, and at the City Philosophical Society, of which he had been a member for some years, he gave a number of lectures each year. He had great success as a speaker and experimenter.

In 1820 another important step was taken; Faraday married Miss Sarah Barnard, and together they lived happily for forty-seven years. The account of his conduct at this time only serves to show more fully the loveliness and earnestness

of his character. Miss Barnard's father was an elder in the Sandemanian Church, and lived on Paternoster Row. On July 5, 1820, the shy lover euphuistically writes: "Do not injure me by withdrawing your friendship, or punish me for aiming to be more than a friend by making me less; and if you cannot grant me more, leave me what I possess, but hear me."

In December he writes: "I want to say a thousand kind and, believe me, heartfelt things to you, but am not a master of words fit for the purpose; and still, as I ponder and think on you, chlorides, trials, oil, Davy, steel, miscellanea, mercury, and fifty other professional fancies swim before, and drive me further and further into the quandary of stupidness."

All the obstacles were removed, and they were married on June 12, 1812. In 1849 he says: "The union has continued for twenty-eight years, and has not only changed, except in the hopes and strength of its character."

A month after his marriage, he made [illegible] and became a member of the Sandemanian Church. He was one of the most humble and earnest of Christians. A friend says:

"[illegible] the meeting-house, he left his science behind, and he would listen to the prayer and exhortation of the most illiterate brother of his sect with an attention which showed how he loved the Word of Truth, from whomsoever it came." *

* [illegible] Danbury, Conn., United States. They seem to have been a devout, well-meaning community. They celebrated the Lord's Supper once a week, held love-feasts, which consisted in a common dinner every Sunday. They practised also a kind of communism so far as the members held their property subject to the call of the Church.—ED.

From 1820 to 1830 he was busily engaged on many questions. Amongst them was the problem of liquefying gases, the alloys of steel, and an investigation of the best kinds of glass for optical purposes.

In 1831 Faraday began his electrical investigations. Some six or seven years before this he had been able to make a wire spin about a magnet, and he was convinced that as there was a mutual action between current and magnet, and a magnet could be produced from a current, he should be able to obtain a current from the magnet. For years he worked upon the question, but failed to get a solution. In August of 1831 he began a new laboratory note-book, and the second paragraph in it records the discovery for which he sought so long, and which will always bring him glory—that of electro-magnetic induction. In ten days of experimenting, spread over two months, he obtained his splendid results, and on November 24 he presented to the Royal Society the first of his "Experimental Researches in Electricity." In this the laws of the phenomena were stated in the form we find them in to this day. Indeed, since his time no one has been able to improve on the statement. Maxwell, his greatest interpreter, says:

"Faraday's original statement remains to this day the only one which asserts no more than can be verified by experiment, and the only one by which the theory of the phenomena can be expressed in a manner which is exactly and numerically accurate, and at the same time within the range of elementary methods of exposition."

It would be impossible to give a full outline of the experimenter's various papers which he continued to produce for so many years. In the third series, 1832, he proved that frictional and dynamical electricity are identical; the fifth, 1833,

was taken up with electro-chemical decomposition, and here again the statement as given by him has ever since been retained. In this communication he suggested the terms electrode, electrolyte, anode, cathode, ion, etc., which are now current in science. In the ninth series (presented December, 1835), the phenomena of the "extra current," or self-induction, were described. In October, a William Jenkin showed Faraday how a shock could be produced with a single voltaic cell, by using an electro-magnet, and on October 15 he began his experiments. He says that in all his scientific career he received thousands of hints and suggestions from other than scientifice men, but the only one of any use whatever was this one by Mr. Jenkin.

In 1832 he was made a D.C.L. by the University of Oxford. In the 11th, 12th, and 13th series of his researches (1837-38), he made his first great attempt to discard the idea of "action at a distance," and to show that bodies mutually acting upon each other do so by virtue of something in the intervening space. This was another seed which has produced such valuable fruit in recent years. As a matter of fact there is the same logical difficulty in getting the action from one particle of the medium to a contiguous one; in other words, we but substitute an indefinitely small for a finite distance.

The most remarkable event of 1840 was his election as elder of the Sandemanian Church. He held office for three and one-half years, and during this time preached on alternate Sundays. It has been said that no one could lecture like Faraday, but that many might preach with more effect. The latter service was in the simplest and most direct manner, with no attempt whatever at eloquence.

In 1841 he found himself in poor health through overwork, and for nearly four years he rested from his experiments. As a recreation, he took a trip to Switzerland, of which he preserved a good account in his journal. Though somewhat used up mentally, he was strong in body. On one day he walked from the baths of Leuk to Thun, 45 miles, in ten and a half hours, excluding two hours of rest.

In 1845 Faraday found himself back again at his work, and for ten years he kept steadily at it. His great discoveries had reference to magnetism. After trying numberless bodies, at last he learned that when polarised light was passed through a certain specimen of very dense glass placed between two magnetic poles, the plane of polarisation was altered. This is one of those fundamental discoveries connecting two departments of nature, magnetism and light, which has yet to be fully interpreted. There can be no doubt that there is much yet to be got from this result.

One of Faraday's scientific admirers and friends, and, indeed, his successor as professor at the Royal Institution, was John Tyndall. In 1851 two positions in the University of Toronto were vacant, and Messrs. Huxley and Tyndall applied for them. In connection therewith, Faraday writes to Tyndall, under date August 1, 1851 :

"But now for the Toronto matter. In such a case, private relationships have much to do in deciding the matter; but if you are comparatively free from such considerations, and have simply to balance your present power of doing good with that you might have at Toronto, then I think I should (in your place) choose the latter. I do not know much of the university, but I trust it is a place where

a man of science and a true philosopher is required, and where, in return, such a man would be nourished and cherished in proportion to his desire to advance natural knowledge."

It is perhaps well known that neither had the least chance of being appointed.

Some of the most important scientific work towards the end of his life was the test of the new electric light which was being installed in an English lighthouse. As he well knew, this was due to himself more than to any one else, and yet, he was very careful never to make any such reference to it. His report on the new light was favourable.

Through the thoughtful kindness of Prince Albert, the Queen, in 1858, offered the now aged philosopher a house in Hampton Court. The house was put in repair, both inside and out, and one of the thoughts that filled his heart the last few years was the great consideration shown him by our noble Queen.

The good old man passed away on August 25, 1867, and though he knew well that he merited a burial in Westminster Abbey, he asked to be laid privately to rest at Highgate. Hither his remains were borne, accompanied by a few of his closest friends.

The letters sent and received by Faraday, which have been published, are most interesting. Here we find the name of almost every natural philosopher of the time. among them, Becquerel, Christie (Astronomer-Royal), Maxwell, De la Rive, Gay-Lussac, Grove, Matteucci, Schoenbein, Wheatstone, Wollaston, Agassiz, Davy, Hachette, Hansteen, Herschel, Humboldt, Liebig, Melloni, Oersted, Reiss, Thomson (Lord Kelvin), and the unanimous testimony of these men, not only to the mind, but also to the heart, is remarkable. His letters to his wife are touching. At the age of seventy-one he writes from Glasgow :

" I long to see you, dearest, and to talk over things together, and call to mind all the kindness I have received. My head is full, and my heart also, but my recollection rapidly fails, even as regards the friends that are in the room with me. You will have to resume your old function of being a pillow to my mind, and a rest, a happy-making wife."

To simply enumerate the medals and honours bestowed upon him by learned societies would require several pages. There was fully a hundred of them, and no one ever bore them more modestly.

In 1891 the centenary of Faraday's birth was celebrated by the Royal Institution. The Prince of Wales occupied the chair, and declared, " It is a great honour and privilege to me to preside on this most interesting and memorable occasion." He recalled the time when, as a lad, he attended the philosopher's lectures, and enjoyed them so much. From almost every country in the world communications were received expressing sympathy with the great celebration. This admiration of scientist for brother scientist, no matter what his language or his home, is surely a sign of the times. Just now when mutterings and rumours of wars are prevalent, we can well hope that this international sympathy in matters of learning may continue to be strengthened, until we have

> " The parliament of Man,
> The federation of the world."

Toronto University.

SELF conquest is the greatest of victories.—*Plato.*

ANGLO-SAXON SUPREMACY.*

BY THE REV. GEO. S. PAYSON.

The next act in the world's drama will be played by the Anglo-Saxon race. Its chief rival is the Germanic, another branch of the Gothic; but it now appears as if Germany would soon lose its relative importance. There is no second Bismarck; restlessness in the southern part indicates a possible dissolution of the Empire at no distant date. Germans are too speculative to compete for world-wide supremacy with Anglo-Saxons; their colonization is relatively insignificant; their emigration is immense, and it is lost in the United States and the British colonies.

France has no future of any consequence. Its people are the least prolific in Europe; its financial power is dwindling; and its protectorates and colonies are not one-tenth of those of the Anglo-Saxons in population alone, while in grit and pluck and force they are vastly inferior. A Pan-Sclavonic Empire is not impossible in the future, and, if it appears, it must be reckoned with; but this possibility is remote. The Japanese are just now prominent; but the prominence which they have achieved is ephemeral compared with what the Chinese may secure if ever they are rallied in one compact body for advance in civilization.

At present the field is clear for Anglo-Saxon supremacy. The English-speaking race is the most prolific on earth. Its colonization is unequalled for numbers, for loyalty, and for promise of development. Statistics in the "Statesman's Year-Book," for 1895, show that it owns to-day three-tenths of the earth's surface, rules one-fourth of its entire population, raises more than two-thirds of all the wheat grown by mankind, and has in its shipping not far from two-thirds of the world's tonnage. As to fighting on sea, the combined navies of France, Germany, Russia and Italy hardly equal in effectiveness that of Great Britain alone, while the United States is taking great strides towards the position of a first-class naval power. The history of this race, its genius for government, its enterprise, and its devotion to civil and religious liberty, fit it for the noblest destiny.

But there are perils in the way, the chief of which spring from its own nature. Its methods of aggrandizement rest upon the deification of force. Fighting blood is in its veins. Its future domination or destruction depend upon its surrender to the Cross. The manliness of which the Anglo-Saxon boasts is not the manliness of Christ. The education of Anglo-Saxon youth, particularly in the United States, is secular and not religious; vast portions of American children of school age are permitted to remain in ignorance of religion. In our language to-day may be found more than half a hundred Anglo-Saxon words which mean to give a flogging; such as beat, baste, box, bruise, bleed, cuff, cut, cane, cudgel, clip, carve, kill, rap, maul, hide, whip, strike, smite, switch, smash, knock, thrash, and drub; they show what a wealth of thought and feeling the Anglo-Saxon race has lavished upon aggressive modes of life. Beastly drunkenness was a fault of its

* This article is the more instructive as being written by a large-minded American in a leading American journal—*The Outlook*. —Ed.

earlier history, more so than of its present. Aggressiveness is still its besetting sin. And unless this is transformed into the meekness of Christ it will ruin the race. First it will secure its supremacy; then it will ruin it. Innate energy, stubborn courage, indomitable will, we inherit from Saxons and Danes; refinement and intellectual culture from Normans; but religious beliefs and Christian character have come to us through the missionaries of the Cross; and unless these last prevail over the taint of blood, the destiny of the Anglo-Saxon race will be like that of all its distinguished predecessors. It will rise only to fall, and will leave merely a name among the world-wide rulers of mankind.

Two centuries ago the Anglo-Saxons numbered three millions. One century ago they numbered seventeen millions. To-day they number one hundred and nineteen millions—thirty-eight in Great Britain, nineteen in its colonies, and sixty-two in the United States. This one hundred and nineteen millions rule thirty-six millions in the protectorates and dependencies of the British Empire, besides three hundred millions in India, making in all more than four hundred millions, or more than one-fourth of the estimated population of the globe.

The area of the earth's dry land is 50,500,000 square miles; the Anglo-Saxon race controls 14,835,701—nearly one-third.

The expansion of the race is surprising. In Great Britain alone, for two decades past, it has increased by three millions each decade. In the United States the population doubles every twenty-five years. At the beginning of this century, says a writer in The Methodist Review, 25,000,000 spoke French, 27,000,000 German, and 15,000,000 English; now 40,000,000 speak French, 57,000,000 German, and over 100,000,000 English. In other words, the number of those who speak French has increased during this century 60 per cent., German, 110 per cent., and English more than 600 per cent.

The assimilating power of the race is marvellous. The race is not materially modified in the United States. There has been a slight change in the physique, that is all. Teuton and Celt still mingle here much as they were mingled in Great Britain. The Teuton still preponderates, as he should to keep the racial features. In 1890 the census returns made the foreign-born population of the United States contain 64 per cent. Teutonic, 22 per cent. Celtic, and 14 per cent. of all others; and the foreign-born was only one-seventh of the whole population. With 63,000,000 of people on 3,500,000 square miles of territory, the United States has 18 to the square mile. Germany has 236.7 to the square mile. When its population is as dense, it will number 828,000,000. We can support more to the square mile than Germany can. Medical science and sanitary regulations are likely to prevent pestilence, increased facilities for communication preclude the possibility of famine; and wars, though not improbable, are not likely to last long, while, with the blessing of God, they may be relegated to the barbarous nations of the earth.

As to food, the United States and Canada last year raised 487,000,000 bushels of wheat, while all the rest of the world raised 890,000,000. Of this 890,000,000 Great Britain raised 58,000,000, India, 238,000,000, Cape Colony, 3,000,000, Australia, 30,000,000; total, 329,000,000. The Anglo-Saxon race last year raised more than two-thirds of the wheat of the entire globe.

Its shipping is five-eighths of the

tonnage of all nations, so that it can carry its own cereal products to any of the family the world over. And if navies are needed to defend them, the combined navies of Great Britain and the United States are even now a match for any foes that could be massed against them.

The English language, as already indicated, is an important factor. It is easily learned. It is closely allied to the German and Scandinavian. It has a large proportion of Latin elements. It is comparatively free from inflections. The vexed question of genders, so troublesome in German and French, it has solved in a rational way. And if its orthography could be improved, it might readily become a universal, as it is now the most general, language of the world. It is recorded of Professor John A. Weisse that until thirty years of age he was an ardent hater of the English language, and that he undertook the thorough study of it in order to demonstrate its inferiority to German; but his candour compelled him to admit that "it contains the cream and essence of its predecessors; its grammar is simpler, and its literary records more consecutive and complete." "In richness," says Professor Jacob Grimm, an enthusiastic admirer of his native German, "in compact adjustment of its parts, and in pure intelligence, none of the living languages can compare with English." And, according to Mr. O. B. Super (Methodist Review, 1890), Professor Candolle, of Geneva, estimates that in one hundred years English will be spoken by 860,000,000 of people, German by 124,000,000 and French by 96,000,000.

In this connection it should be noted that, as Professor Marsh says, "more than one-half of the letters mailed and carried by the postal system of the world are written, mailed, and read by the English-speaking populations of the globe." These peoples, too, distribute more than two-thirds of the Bibles and Testaments published. It may be justly claimed that the literature of the Anglo-Saxon race is the greatest and the purest. The highest results of scientific research are issued in popular forms, at prices which bring them readily within reach of all. The newspapers of the Anglo-Saxons are unequaled for abundance, cheapness, and excellence, to say nothing of enterprise, in which they are far and away the leaders.

The federation of the scattered Anglo-Saxons on the globe is not impossible. And if it could be secured, it would prove an immense advantage to every interest of humanity.

But the Anglo-Saxons need to be sanctified. The racial traits are still conspicuous. If Christianity does not use them in the interests of humanity, and curb and yoke them to the service of the meekness which most exalts the Prince of Peace, the English-speaking nations of the earth will have a temporary splendour, possibly a world-wide supremacy, and then will disappear from earth. If ever there was a sacred duty laid upon the followers of Christ, it is, by every possible influence and through every available opportunity, to seek to bind in one federation of humane and generous service of the weaker nations of the earth the scattered forces of this highly favoured race, and to make this mighty federation a bulwark for righteousness and justice and honesty and truth in all international relations the world over.

Let there be a common citizenship for all English-speaking peoples, so that a man need only to change his residence to change also his citizenship, so long as he abides with Anglo-Saxons. Let

extradition laws be reduced to what now obtains among our several States. Let postal unions, and customs unions, and copyright and patent regulations which shall comprehend all English-speaking peoples, break down the barriers which now exist, and prepare the way for the closest possible federation of the Anglo-Saxon race and its dependencies. The time is propitious for such efforts. The opportunities are multiplying. And the present temper of both the English and the American branches of this great family, as they are represented in the most intelligent and thoughtful forces of the two nations, encourages the hope that the mission of the Anglo-Saxon race may be not a selfish but a generous mission for the benefit of the world.—The Outlook.

GOD'S GLORY IN THE HEAVENS.*

BY CHARLES A. YOUNG, LL.D.,

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It is still as true as when the Psalmist wrote it first, that "the heavens declare the glory of God; and the firmament sheweth his handiwork. Day unto day uttereth speech, and night unto night sheweth knowledge." In some ways it is even truer now than then, because to-day the words have a grander significance than they could have had to David. To him the heavens were not so very vast, nor so very far away: the stars were only glittering points set in an overarching sphere, and, for him, they and the sun and the moon were mere appendages of the earth, of no importance except as beautiful and useful servitors of mankind. Now we know an immeasurable universe, compared with which our own great world itself is only the merest speck—a raindrop in the ocean—a mote in the sunbeam.

"He that sitteth in the heavens," "He whom the heaven of heavens cannot contain," was indeed to the ancient Hebrew very much as compared with any earthly potentate: but what shall we now say of Him who inhabits the immensity of space revealed by science? who by His immediate, all-pervading presence actuates and vivifies the universe of universes?—of Him to whom we still, but with a clearer understanding, address the adoring words of the prophet: "Of old, O Lord, hast thou laid the foundations of the earth, and the heavens are the work of thy hands: they shall perish, but thou shalt endure: as a vesture shalt thou change them, and they shall be changed: but thou art the same, and thy years shall have no end."

I think it is unquestionable that as men have come to know more of the material universe, they have had continually revealed to them something more of the glory and majesty of the Creator. Here, and for the present, we see only "through a glass, darkly," but as time goes on we catch more frequent glimpses of the ineffable brightness, and recognize more and more distinctly the presence

* This remarkable article, condensed from parts of a thrilling lecture by this distinguished American astronomer, is reproduced from that excellent monthly, the *Homiletic Review*, New York, Funk & Wagnalls. It will be followed by a second article along the same general line.—Ed.

and the power of the Omnipotent; far beyond our vision and our touch indeed, but intimated, and to some extent manifested, in all the phenomena which we can apprehend.

We must admit, however, a limitation as to the range of this natural revelation of God, so far at least as it appears in the science of Astronomy. One would not dare to say that he can see in the phenomena of the starry heavens very much that bears upon the moral attributes of the Deity;—very much, for instance, that goes to demonstrate His holiness, His justice, or His mercy.

I may add, too, that we find in the system of the stars less evidence perhaps of the Divine "ingenuity"—if we may use the word—fewer cases of obvious "contrivance," than in the world of organic nature. It is in the structure of living beings, that the most striking instances of this kind occur. Such organs as the eye and ear and the human hand, and the wonderful arrangements by which the continuity and permanence of races are maintained, have few, if any, parallels among astronomical phenomena.

The really impressive lessons of the stars relate to the greatness and eternity of God; His unity; His omnipresence and all-pervading power; and especially the wonderful manner in which, by a few simple laws, He has built and organized the glorious architecture of the heavens—radiant throughout with a clear intelligence, which we, His creatures, can recognize and measurably comprehend. Astronomy stands unrivalled among the sciences in the emphasis with which she teaches these lessons: no other so forcibly, so overwhelmingly, impresses the thoughtful mind with the infiniteness of God, and the relative insignificance of man and the little globe upon which we live. "What is man that thou art mindful of him, and the son of man that thou visitest him!"—this the student of astronomy learns to say with a profounder and more intelligent humility than any other person can.

And, on the other hand, he, too, I think, is likely to recognize more distinctly than most other men the high dignity of our human nature, made in the image of God and partaking of the Divine; able in a very real sense to "comprehend" the whole material universe, to share the thoughts of God, and think them after Him.

And now let us in the first place consider the vastness of the astronomical universe as in some sense a revelation of God's greatness. Clearly He is greater than any or all the worlds that He has made, and so in contrasting the immensity of that portion of creation which we can see with the littleness of our own sphere of action, we shall advance toward a conception of the tremendous meaning of His omnipresence—advance toward it, not reach it; for it is certain that our sensible universe is but an infinitesimal fraction of the mighty whole. The domain of astronomy is only a little corner of God's material kingdom; yet even this little corner is so vast that we can attain to some conception of its immensity only by degrees; beginning with the smaller and the nearer, and so ascending, step by step, through unimaginable heights until we reach the limits of our human observation.

Compared with ourselves, and with the region we can fairly see around us, the earth itself is certainly immense: one who has made its circuit appreciates its greatness. Compare a man even with mountains or lakes or rivers, not to speak of continents and oceans, and how small he is! All the thousands of millions of human be-

ings who have inhabited the earth since history began (probably about fifty thousand millions) could be seated, as roomily as an ordinary church congregation, upon the surface of the single State of New Jersey. If we could have no knowledge of anything beyond our own terrestrial globe itself, we should rightly feel that a man, or even the whole race of men, is but the small dust of the balance when weighed against the world; feeble and helpless against the wild powers of storm and wave and earthquake.

But we are not so restricted in our knowledge. The heavens are full of objects that from the beginning have riveted the attention and excited the curiosity of men. Let us in imagination leave the region of the earth and attempt the tremendous journey to the sun. This distance of the sun is now the standard unit of all human measures of the celestial spaces, like the golden reed with which the angel measured the walls of the New Jerusalem. The radius of the orbit of the earth is a trifle less than ninety-three millions of miles.

We compare it with railway journeys, and find that the Empire State Express, on its schedule of sixty miles an hour, would occupy 174 years upon the trip, running day and night: and the fare, at even the lowest excursion rate of only one cent a mile, would be nearly a million of dollars. If sound could travel through the celestial spaces at the same velocity as in our air, it would require fourteen years for the boom of one of the great explosions, which sometimes occur upon the sun, to reach us. If some electric cable could be stretched between the earth and the sun, capable of transmitting its telegraphic signals at the rate of thirty thousand miles a second—a speed never yet attained in terrestrial telegraphy—it would be nearly an hour before the touch of the key at one end of the line would report itself at the other. Swift light itself, darting 186,330 miles each second, is eight minutes and a third upon the way.

It is a tremendous distance; and yet across the abyss the sun exerts its power upon the earth, and controlls the motion of her huge mass as she whirls along her orbit nearly twenty miles a second (more than forty times as swiftly as a cannon-ball), holding her to her course by bonds of attraction, invisible and impalpable indeed, but in strength equivalent to the breaking strain of ropes of steel attached to every square inch of her surface. Stated in cold figures the mutual attraction between the sun and earth is an unceasing pull of 360,000 millions of millions of tons.

And across the yawning gulf the sun pours the streams of radiance which we call light and heat, supplying all the energy which operates upon the surface of our globe. By sun-power the winds blow, and the waters run, and engines drive their wheels—nay, even plants and animals grow, and move, and perform their varied functions only by means of the energy brought them in the solar rays.

Compared with the earth the sun is immense in magnitude: so huge, that if the earth were placed in the centre of his globe, the distant moon would be but little more than half-way to his surface.

Every square foot of its enormous surface pours off continuously an amount of heat equivalent to more than ten thousand horse-power of energy, and keeps up a temperature far higher than that of our fiercest furnace. It seems at first as if we had here repeated the miracle of the burning bush, and on a scale as much grander as the heavens are vaster than the earth; it is not so, however—the end will come; but in such a process cen-

turies and millenniums count only as minutes in a human life.

The earth and moon are not the only attendants of the sun. His domain is vastly more extensive. Four planets, which in scale of magnitude are of the same order as the earth, are nearest to him, the earth being third in distance, while Mercury and Venus revolve within her orbit, and Mars, attended by his two pigmy moons, pursues his course at a distance once and a half as great as ours. Far beyond Mars revolve the so-called major planets—the giant Jupiter with his five attendants; the ringed Saturn, accompanied by eight; Uranus, with his fairy retinue of Ariel, Umbriel, Titania, and Oberon; and still beyond, and thirty times as far from the sun as we are, the remote Neptune with his single moon. It is a great, an immense dominion, this of the sun: no less than 5,600 millions of miles across.

But vast as the Solar System really is, it is hardly more than the merest speck as compared with the universe of the stars. For the stars, which to the eye look like mere glimmering points of light, and even defy the power of the telescope to give them any apparent size, are really suns—some of them certainly many times vaster than our own—all shining, not like the planets with borrowed light, but each with a special radiance of its own, and appearing small only because of their inconceivable remoteness.

Even yet a half-page list of twenty-five or thirty would include all the stars whose distances can be regarded as fairly known. It can be detected only by the most scrupulous precision of observation. In the case of our nearest neighbour, Alpha Centauri, the whole width of its apparent annual swing is less than the thickness of a human hair seen across an ordinary church. But small as this motion is, it can be measured now, and, as a result, we find that this next-door neighbour—this nearest of all the sun's companions — is 275,000 times as far away as we are from the sun. The distance is so enormous that light itself is four years and four months on the way. As for our Empire State Express, it would take it forty-eight million years to make the journey, and the railway fare to this nearest of all the stars would amount, at one cent a mile, to more than two hundred and fifty thousand millions of dollars—a sum which, according to a recent estimate that I have somewhere seen, is at least five times as much as all the money in the world, counting all the gold and silver, and every form of paper currency.

From the facts at hand it can be shown beyond doubt that among the stars which the telescope reveals, multitudes must be hundreds and even thousands of times as remote as the nearest. Every clear night we unquestionably look upon stars so distant that the light which makes them visible must have started upon its journey before the pyramids were built. The universe of the stars which are distinctly visible in our telescopes bears about the same relation to the dimensions of the solar system as the great globe of the earth to a gold dollar. I am not writing at random, but stating the result of a serious calculation.

The words of the German poet are fully justified by the results of the most modern science : " End there is none to the universe of God. Lo! also there is no beginning." And through it all, pervasive, immanent, active, is everywhere the living presence of the Almighty.

THE MENNONITES OF MANITOBA.*

BY E. CORA HIND.

Had one prophetic vision strong enough to depict the nation which will occupy Canada in the future, it would doubtless prove highly interesting to readers of to-day. The elements which are now being slowly welded together are so numerous, so widely different, and many of the national characteristics represented are so strongly marked and peculiar, that the result of this welding process must of necessity be a nation remarkable in many respects. In the older provinces the population is roughly divided into French and English-speaking people, and though there are sprinklings of other nationalities, they are numerically too small to be noticeable. In Manitoba, however, it is quite different. Here are to be found French, Germans, Jews (both Russian and German), Icelanders, Swedes, Norwegians, Hungarians, Belgians, Danes, Scotch crofters, and Mennonites.

Numerically the strongest, the Mennonites are socially the most unique and interesting of our foreign emigrants. The name Mennonites signifies not nationality so much as religious conviction. In the sixteenth century, when Luther was thundering at the gates of Rome and the world paused breathless for the issue, no country was stirred to greater depths than Holland. All those who longed and prayed for reform were not able to accept Luther's version of it. Among the many sects that sprang into life at that time was one whose creed was mainly comprised under the three following heads :

1. To bear arms is a sin.
2. Infant baptism is unscriptural.
3. Followers of Christ should take no part or lot in human governments.

The first recognized leader of this band of men was one Menno Simon, a former priest of the Church of Rome. Through his untiring efforts, both in speaking and writing, followers of the new cause grew and multiplied, not only in Holland, but also in the northern provinces of Germany, whither Menno Simon had gone more than once.

Very soon their faith was tried by persecution. Many came to America and settled in William Penn's colony, but the bulk of the Church moved into Germany. Here for a short time they prospered in peace. Then came the order for them to bear arms. They refused. They were deprived of all rights as citizens; they were imprisoned, fined, taxed, tormented. Still they stood firm and still they grew. When matters were at the worst help came from an unexpected quarter. Russia was extremely anxious to colonize the territory along the Black Sea with agriculturists. In 1783, Catherine II. sent an agent to Germany to make these people an offer to go in a body and colonize these lands. The offer was a liberal one. The exemption from military service and the right to maintain their own form of worship and educate their children in their own schools being its chief features.

In 1788 thousands of these people moved into Russia, built their homes on the old German plan, and grew and multiplied. Many of them acquired great wealth in manufactures, but the body of them devoted themselves to agri-

* Abridged from *The North-West Magazine*, St. Paul, Minnesota.

culture. For nearly one hundred years they enjoyed almost unbroken prosperity, and then once again persecution overtook them. In 1870 the Russian Government, utterly disregarding the guarantees given these people by Catherine II. and confirmed by Paul II., issued a ukase demanding military service of them. Consternation prevailed. Deputations were sent to St. Petersburg, and after much delay and distress a further military exemption was granted for twenty-five years, but many of their minor privileges were taken away. The learning of the Russian language was made compulsory, and all feeling of security was hopelessly gone. They felt they must look elsewhere for homes. This time Canada seemed to be the land of promise. The Canadian Government was anxious for settlers in her newly-acquired province of Manitoba.

In 1872 the Mennonites sent a delegation to spy out the land. After going over a great deal of the province they chose the level prairie lands along the international boundary. The government finally agreed to make them a grant of twenty-two townships. Fifteen of these townships to form a strip thirty-six miles long, and from six to eighteen miles wide, along the international boundary.

This made a total area of 720 square miles, or 460,800 acres, much of it the best land in the province. A quarter-section, viz., 160 acres, was the regulation grant from the Crown, and in order to obtain the patent the recipient was required to reside on the land for a certain period, and perform certain duties of cultivation. These requirements were all laid aside in the case of the Mennonites, and they were allowed to settle in villages, as had been their custom in Russia.

The Mennonite villages differ widely from the idea ordinarily conveyed by that term. They are scattered irregularly over the reserve. A village may number anywhere from five to thirty families, or even more. The houses are built at irregular intervals on each side of a wide road or street. They are all of one pattern, and all have their gable end to the street. In the larger villages is to be found a building in appearance something between a barn and a schoolhouse. This is a church. Not the most aggressive of our Puritan ancestors had grimmer ideas on the subject of church architecture.

The land belonging to each village is divided into three classes—arable, pasture, and hay land. The pasture and hay land are each left in one common field. The arable land is divided into strips and allotted to each head of a house according to his estimate of what he is willing or able to cultivate. It is the business of the schult to superintend this allotment. He also sees to the proportion of hay to be cut by each householder. He must also collect from each man his proportion of the salaries of the teacher and preacher. He acts as arbitrator in matters of dispute, and his decisions are rarely questioned.

The method of election for all offices is very simple. The schult always acts as a returning officer. He sits in a private room and the voters go in separately and state the name of the man for whom they wish to vote and the schult writes it down. No candidates are nominated, and there are no ballots or ballot boxes. Should there be a tie between two or more the schult makes as many tickets as there are men forming the tie. One ticket is marked and the candidates draw. The one who draws the marked ticket gets the office.

This mode of election applies to all offices—overschultz, schultz, bishops, deacons, and elders.

Within the past five years many of the villages have been broken up and their inhabitants gone to reside permanently on their own homesteads, where they come under the regular municipal government. Wherever there are villages, however, and they are still many, the old system is maintained in its simplicity. The gradual breaking up of the villages has resulted from two causes: Since 1885 Mennonites have been required to homestead on precisely the same terms as other settlers; viz., actual residence on the land granted. Mennonites are themselves beginning to see the wisdom of this. They have come to make their home in Canada, and they find it is more to their advantage to fall in with the customs of the country. The names of many of these villages are very pretty. Rosengart (Garden of Roses), Rosenfeld (Field of Roses), Rosenbach (The Brook of the Roses), Schanzenfeldt (Fortress in a Field), Steinbach (Brook Among the Stones), and many others.

The earliest houses were built of mud and sticks and thatched with straw. The outer walls are coloured a delicate lilac, the window sashes a dull red, the shutters gray. Wind and rain and sun have stained the thatch a deep brown. With the background of yellow stubble fields, the few trees with their faded leaves, and over all the mellow October sunshine, the colours blended into one harmonious whole, it looked as if we had suddenly taken a leap backward from Manitoba in the nineteenth, to Germany in the sixteenth century.

The interiors are all very much alike. The plan is a curious one and I am going to try and describe it to you just as I saw it over and over again. In visiting Mennonite houses you do not rap or ring or wait for admittance. You simply open the door and walk in. The entrance is always at the side. And now let us suppose that we have just driven up to one of these houses and alighted.

We passed from the porch into a hall or ante-room, turned to the right, opened the first door and found ourselves in the main living room of the house. The first thing that arrested my attention was a square structure reaching nearly to the ceiling, and evidently built in the centre of the house. It was whitewashed, had small iron doors in the side and altogether looked a good deal like a brick vault on a small scale. I walked up and put my hand on the object in question. I jumped back in a hurry and felt cautiously of the palm of my hand. I had made the rather startling discovery that this was the stove. There is a bed in one corner of the room—in fact there seems to be a bed in every room in the house. The Mennonites do not set aside rooms especially as sleeping apartments. The bed appeared to be a rather narrow single bed with carved head and footboard. On it were piled two feather mattresses and numerous feather pillows, all in the very gayest of printed calico covers.

But to return to the room. The piece de resistance for me was the corner cupboard. Through the glass panels of the door you see the loveliest majolica plates. The cupboard reaches to the ceiling, where it is finished by a carved cornice. A few inches below this is a little rack into which are fitted the silver spoons and ladles. Some of these ladles are the quaintest shapes! I am quite sure I broke the tenth commandment while I looked at that cupboard.

The mangle is quite an important feature in Mennonite house-

keeping. It is about five feet long, two and one-half broad and three and one-half high. The weight is furnished by the large stones in the tray at the top. The clothes are wound around the four corners, a man grasps the handle at one end of the tray and a woman at the other. The tray with its heavy load is pushed back and forward between them, over the rollers, and in this way the clothes are very soon smoothed. While we were looking at the mangle a neighbour drove up with his wife and four large baskets of clothes—it seems that one mangle sometimes serves several households—walked right in, took possession of the mangle and soon had it in operation. It certainly seemed a pleasanter way of smoothing the family linen than standing over an ironing table with a hot stove at your back.

The upstairs of a Mennonite house is never used as sleeping apartments. It is generally left all in one room and used as a storeroom. Here you find huge piles of wheat, onions, squash, pumpkins, beans, etc., and rows of hams and sides of bacon hanging around the chimney. Downstairs we came, and, through another door, this time on the left of the entrance, we passed into still another storeroom. Here are great stacks of fuel, harness hanging from the pegs in the wall, reapers and binders standing in the corners. From this room we passed into the stable. The arrangements are excellent, and we saw a number of very fine horses. Mennonites, like Methodist parsons, are good judges of horseflesh, and always have the best. It is a rare thing to see them driving a poor horse.

The women were all kind and courteous, showing me every cupboard and every hole and corner in the house. I doubt very much if many Canadian or American housekeepers could show such creditable housekeeping at a moment's notice.

The gardens of the Mennonites at once proclaim their German origin. In an inner square are currant and gooseberry bushes, neat and regular beds of vegetables and great masses of flowers. In the centre a rustic summerhouse forms a pleasant retreat for the family on warm evenings. In addition to the gardens proper, many of the houses have flowerbeds under the windows, and few houses are without window plants.

There is a blacksmith shop in every village, but there is no village blacksmith; every man is his own. The shop is common property and every man who wishes to repair his machinery or shoe a horse, goes and does it.

In a country so flat there is, of course, little water power to be had. In the early days the mills were all windmills. Very quaint some of them are.

Though originally all one community, the Mennonites are now very much divided. Among those south of the boundary, in Minnesota and Kansas, there are some twelve sects or divisions; in Manitoba there are only four, or at most five. It is quite impossible for an outsider to explain the degrees of difference between these various Churches. In the Old Colonist Church their ministers are not set apart by any course of study. When the village decides that they want a minister, elder or preacher, the schult calls them together and they vote in the manner already described. The man who gets the largest number of votes is the elder-elect. The bishop is sent for, a special sermon preached, hands are laid on the candidate and forthwith he becomes an elder.

The John Funk Church really contains those of the Mennonites who are most anxious to conform to what they consider the best

modes of English speech, thought and action. They have no wish to lose their identity as Mennonites, but they are anxious that as a people they should progress. Two of these churches forbid smoking on the part of their members. The Old Colonists discourage the growing of beards, though they do not now wholly forbid it. In several of these churches they still observe the custom of washing the feet before partaking of the Lord's Supper. Like the Quakers, the men sit on one side of the church and the women on the other. None of their elders or bishops receive any salary. The office is considered a very honourable one, but no emoluments are attached to it. The bishop has his farm, and farms it just like his neighbours. Collections are taken up for two objects—the relief of any poor there may be in the community and the carrying on of missionary work.

The Mennonites have always clung to the idea of schools under church control. While in Russia they appear to have maintained these schools with a fair standard of education. When they came to Manitoba the privilege of carrying on these schools was included in the terms of the agreement made with them by the Dominion Government, but the schools were never a success; in fact they steadily deteriorated. The teachers were very often uneducated men, and were not required to pass any examination. The only reader used was the Bible, and all instruction was given in German, very few, if any, of the teachers being able to either read or write English. Many of the more progressive Mennonites grew anxious for a change and this speedily developed two parties on the school question.

The Provincial Government had no wish to outrage the religious convictions of the Mennonites or infringe in the slightest degree any privileges granted them by the Dominion Government; nevertheless they could but regard with alarm the rapidly increasing school population—many of whom would soon be voters—growing up without any proper means of education. As early as 1882 or 1883 various sections of the Mennonite communities petitioned the government for schools, and these were established. In all probability some thirty or forty school districts were laid out. Some of the schools were for a time very successful. An inspector was appointed and the outlook was very bright. Of course in these public schools they were permitted to give religious instruction, but suitable secular instruction was insisted upon. The bright prospects, however, never reached fulfilment. The bishops and elders, who were opposed to these schools, stirred up the people to such an extent that by the year 1889 the majority of the villages had returned to the old form of school. The passage of the school act of 1890, providing that no government grant should be allowed to Church schools, introduced further complications in this already tangled question.

About this time a series of meetings were held to lay the matter before the Mennonites. Dr. Bryce, of Manitoba College, was selected to represent the government, and choice could hardly have fallen on a better man. Dr. Bryce had been connected with educational matters in Manitoba from the very early years of the province, and has the matter very much at heart. These meetings brought together the chief men in the various Mennonite communities. The whole matter was discussed at much length, Dr. Bryce once again explaining very carefully the whole system of the Canadian public schools. One thing the Mennonites found difficult of belief—that was the free

government grant of money for the support of schools. They questioned Dr. Bryce very closely as to whether, in the event of the schools being established, the government would not charge this money up to them and make them pay it back some day. The final outcome of all these conferences was an organization among such of the Mennonites as favoured the public school. The object of the association was to establish a training school for teachers to be employed in teaching the Mennonite children.

The association undertook the building of a school at Gretna, which was to be devoted to this purpose. The putting up of the building, however, brought them to the end of their resources, and they could not afford to maintain a teacher. Meanwhile, Dr. Bryce, for the Provincial Government, made a journey to the Mennonite settlements in Kansas. Prof. Ewerts, of the Mennonite College, near Newton, came to Manitoba to act for the Provincial Government, as inspector of public schools, and as principal of the training school at Gretna, it being quite possible for him to attend to both duties. Schools were revived and new ones planted wherever possible, and supplied with the best teachers available. There are now some thirty-five of these schools. The children receive instruction in both German and English. The children acquire English with surprising rapidity. The language commonly spoken by the Mennonites is a dialect of German or Dutch. No books are printed in this dialect, and when they learn to read, they must do so in what they themselves term "high German."

The Mennonite women do not take any active part in public affairs. The most noticeable features of their dress are the general absence of the corset and the universality of the small head-shawl. These are worn by tiny tots of three or four. The most characteristic of the men's dress used to be the sheepskin coats, and what are known as Mennonite boots. These reach to the knee, and are made of thick, grey felt with leather sole and heel. They may have been a joy forever to their possessors, but most assuredly they were not things of beauty. The use of them is rapidly on the wane.

Though the women do not take part in public affairs, yet they have advanced far enough to be doctors. Mrs. A. K. Thiesen, M.D., began her study of medicine in Russia and completed it in America. She has a very large practice. In the rear of her residence is a two-roomed building which she uses as a consulting room and dispensary. Here she carries quite a large stock of drugs.

In Russia the Mennonites were, and those who remain there still are, extensive manufacturers of cloths and all kinds of woollen goods. The little head-shawls are all manufactured in Germany. They are marvellously cheap; a fine cashmere shawl, three-fourths of a yard square and richly embroidered in colours, being sold at retail for seventy-five cents.

Up to the present time the Mennonites have given little attention to the breeding of stock, and their cattle are a poor sample. Now, however, their attention has been forcibly directed to this branch of industry by the absence of market for poor cattle.

It takes a long time for a new idea to work its way among the Mennonites, but when once they have grasped it, they very speedily turn it to practical account, and there is little doubt that they will soon be ready to compete with other farmers in the matter of pure-bred stock. In Russia they were noted sheep farmers, and used

the sheepskins, dressed with the wool on, extensively for the manufacture of coats. The Mennonites have gone extensively into the cultivation of flax, and have found it very profitable. Flaxseed last fall brought $1.05 per bushel, when wheat was selling for from thirty-eight to forty-two cents.

It was unquestionably a good thing for Manitoba when the Dominion Government offered a home to these persecuted people. They are religious, industrious and very frugal. Their business integrity is of a very high order. In fact this is so generally recognized that banks are eager for their paper, and loan companies place them high on the list of desirable borrowers. Though chiefly an agricultural people, they have good business abilities and display a great deal of push and enterprise. This is seen in their business towns. The largest of these is Gretna—as its name indicates, a town on the borders. Here are to be found the Normal School, banks, churches, and good business houses.

The Mennonites originally eschewed all politics as evil. Now, however, the more advanced are voting and taking quite a warm interest in politics. There are two members in the local House who represent Mennonite, or partly Mennonite, constituencies.

HIRAM GOLF'S RELIGION.

*SHOEMAKER BY THE GRACE OF GOD.**

BY GEORGE H. HEPWORTH, D.D.

The village of Woodbine consists mainly of a single street, stretching a mile from north to south, on either side of which are the stores, the churches, and the cottages of a majority of the people. Back of this, and nearer the Cheroquee river, are the houses of a score or two of families, who earn a precarious living as best they can. There is the carpenter, and the blacksmith, and the painter, and the tinman, and just at the corner where two roads meet, the little domicile of Hiram Golf, the shoemaker.

At the farther end of the village are the woollen mills of Phil & Kuhn, who employ about six hundred people. This mill is the mainstay of the villagers. When the demand for such goods is brisk, there is plenty of work, and general prosperity and hilarity. When the demand is light, and the mills run on only half time, it is hard to make both ends meet.

To the pastorate of one of the village churches my friend John Jessig was called some years since. He had a larger opportunity, but chose that one. A young man, well equipped for the Master's service, filled with that divine earnestness which love of humanity always inspires, but which greed of fame never gives, he welcomed the invitation to a narrow field of labour. "I want to learn how the great heart of man beats," he said; "and they can tell me the secret in Woodbine as well as elsewhere. I must get into touch with the labouring class, which, after all, is the thinking class in this country; and if I preach by the side of a mill wheel I shall find out what real men and women need."

The Reverend Robert Flood, his predecessor, gave him the only

* Abridged from "Hiram Golf's Religion," by the Rev. Dr. Hepworth.

thing he had to give—advice. The kindly old gentleman had been retired on account of advancing age, after forty years of patient and spiritually prosperous toil. It is a young man's world though, and when one has watched the frosts of three-score winters, he must step aside with such grace as he can summon. So the parish made Robert Flood pastor emeritus, without a salary, or rather with such slender and uncertain income as an occasional donation party affords. When crippled by long service, there is hardly a green spot on the earth for a white-haired minister, unless he finds it in the cemetery. He is admired until he says "Amen" in his farewell sermon, and after that comes neglect. If he can go to heaven at once, all is well; if he insists on living, his last days are often full of sorrow and pain.

"It sometimes happens," said Mr. Flood to John, "that a minister's brain runs fallow as the ground does. When the farmer raises the same crop year after year, he must needs give his fields a rest, or stimulate them with a fertilizer. You will preach yourself out unless you read new books—and your salary will limit you in that direction—or study the wants of the people by personal contact with their temptations and struggles. If you are ever at a loss for a Sunday topic, the shoemaker will give you one. He thinks with one lobe of his brain while he makes shoes with the other. He has been my tonic for a long while, and will serve you a good turn when you are in straits."

I hardly know how to describe Hiram Golf. He was in many respects a remarkable man, one worth looking at a second time. He was a philosopher without knowing it. To think his way down into the depths of a problem was his pleasure, and though his thoughts did not run in the usual channels, they were always suggestive. He was about fifty-eight years of age, had gray hair, deep-set blue eyes, a complexion that had never been tarnished by vicious habits, and a voice so rich and mellow that it seemed like a strain of music.

On the library shelf in his little shop was a worn "Paradise Lost," a treatise on astronomy, several reports of labour organizations, a worm-eaten copy of "Pilgrim's Progress," and a Bible which had been read so much that it could hardly hold itself together.

The Bible is to many people an ornament for the centre table. Used in this way, it ought to be expensively bound and kept free from the marring stains of daily use. To others, it is a religious luxury, a very important book to have within reach in case of emergency, because it vouches for the spiritual respectability and the orthodoxy of the owner. To still others, and Hiram is to be included in this list, it is one of the necessaries of life, a joy, a comfort, a consolation. Among such people the book is seldom found in good condition, from the binder's point of view. It is dog-eared, thumb-marked, and many of its verses are so dimmed by constant use that they are read with difficulty. A family with a dog-eared Bible make earnest church-members. God's blessing rests on the book when it is thumb-marked; and if its sacred passages are blotted with tears, all the richer the blessing. Bibles with the gilding perfect are an accusation. They represent the secrets of God under lock and key, where no eye can see them and no heart can get at them.

Hiram was an optimist in spite of the rheumatism. The twinges of that unpopular malady forced him to make a grimace now and then, but he was wont to say when

the pain subsided—and he always said it in such cheerful tones that you were reminded of the sun peering through the clouds on an April day—"There will be no east wind up there! This old body is a sort of tumbledown concern, but I shall move into a new one by-and-bye. To be young again, without no ache or pain! That's worth looking forward to, don't ye think?" and he turned his eyes to the window as though hoping to get a glimpse of the glistening minarets of the Beautiful City beyond the hills.

When John Jessig made his first excursion through the parish he knocked at the shoemaker's door. He had heard such kindly things of him from the neighbours that he was curious to make his acquaintance.

"Come in!" cried Hiram.

"I beg your pardon, and I hope I am not intruding."

"Wall," said Hiram, as he caught sight of John's genial face, "you're welcome. Nobody never intrudes here. Take a cheer, parson, take a cheer. I'm right glad to see ye. Here, Marthy, bring in that rocking-cheer from the parlour. Nothin's too good for the minister, if he's the right sort, and you look as though you might be one of that kind, parson."

"Marthy, this is the new minister, Parson, this is my wife. You'll want to know her, for she's worth knowin'. Now then, if you'll excuse me, I'll keep right on with my work, fur I'm rather pressed today. You won't mind that, will you?"

"On the contrary," replied John, fitting himself into his surroundings with admirable tact.

"That's what I thought," responded Hiram, as he drove a peg home, "or I wouldn't have said it. So you've come to Woodbine to cast your lot in with us folks?"

"It looks like a promising field, Mr. Golf."

"Yes, for a right smart worker it is. Pretty rocky ground, some of it, but all the more credit if you manage to get a crop. It's up by day-light and in bed by candle-light in Woodbine, but I guess it's about as nigh to heaven from the Cheroquee Valley as from any other p'int, if ye reckon straight."

"I'm glad to be with the labouring class," said John, hoping thereby to draw out the shoemaker.

"H'm! I hain't no respect for any class that ain't a labourin' class," was the reply. "The Lord said, 'My Father worketh hitherto, and I work.' I rather imagine that if God kin work we needn't be ashamed to follow the example. They say that every man thinks of God from his own standp'int, so I naterally picter Him as always busy. The world don't accept that idee, but it's a great comfort to me. The man who don't do nothin' ain't wuth nothin'. The kings of the earth have got us on the wrong road. To do nothin' is what they think makes 'em different from the common run of folks. And so it does; it makes 'em worse. Then they collect 'round 'em a multitude of other men and women who take pride in doin' nothin', and we've managed to get things so askew that we call them the nobility. It's noble to be lazy, is the gospel of this world. Ain't that queer, parson?"

John nodded, unwilling to enter on a controversy.

"It seems to me," continued Hiram, "that common sense is standin' on its head instead of its feet. The only noble man that I know anythin' about is the honest labourin' man. Work is the law of natur, and the secret of human happiness. Why, we've got to such a pass, even in this country, that everybody is workin' hard in

the hope of gettin' so much money laid up that they needn't do nothin' by-and-bye. But somehow, before that time comes most of 'em die. That's what I call a Providence, for it saves 'em from an awful disapp'intment. They wouldn't have half as much pleasure in spendin' their fortune as they got out of makin' it."

"I'm afraid you will not find many people to agree with you, Mr. Golf."

"That don't make no difference. The truth is the truth, whether it is believed or not. It don't hurt the truth not to be believed, but it hurts you and me if we don't believe it. If there was less money in the world and more stiddy work, we should be better off. An idle class don't push, and they don't shove. They jest stand by and let other people do the pushin' and the shovin', and then they want their share of the benefit.

"Two things ought to be done right away. There's a whole lot of people up above us who live in sinful pleasure because they've got so much money. If you could reach up"—Hiram suited the action to the word, stretching his hands toward the ceiling—"if you could catch them by the trouser-legs and pull 'em down to where they'd have to earn their livin', you'd certain save their bodies by makin' 'em healthy, and at the same time you might save their souls by givin' 'em somethin' to think of besides themselves.

"Then there's another whole lot of people, who have dropped 'most out of sight because they've had hard luck. They are willin' to take a job, but can't find one. Down they go, farther and farther, and take to vicious ways because nobody helps 'em. If we could stoop over and grab 'em by the coat collar, and lift 'em up to regular employment, we'd wake up their ambition and make men of 'em. There's reforms enough, parson, right in sight; and if you're willin' to sacrifice your pulpit dignity and roll up your sleeves you'll be busy most of the time. The world is worth savin'. Leastwise, the Lord thought so."

John's eyes glistened. Here was the man he had longed to see—an unconventional creature, with no respect for persons, but a boundless love for his kind. But he chose to keep still and let the shoemaker do the talking.

"Now see what the Bible says. It begins with the work of creation and ends with the work of salvation. Does any one take his ease in the Bible? If he does, he don't enjoy himself. God worked during six days, and made the world, and it is intimated that he even got tired, for He 'rested on the seventh day.'

"And when Christ came, He wasn't born in no palace, but in a stable. He worked in Nazareth at a carpenter's bench, and when He left that for His ministry, He travelled on foot for weary miles, and must have been worn out when night fell. O parson, God's world is a work-a-day world, and there ain't no honour in idleness. Idleness is nothin' but a serpent's egg, and only a serpent can come out of it."

During this same conversation John said, "Now, Mr. Golf—"

"Call me Hiram, if you please, parson. That's what they all call me, and I'd scarcely know myself by any other name. But what was you sayin'?"

"Simply this," answered John, "that I am glad to see a man who can use the humblest vocation for the glory of God, as you are doing."

Hiram laid his shoe down, and proceeded to take off his leather apron. Then he crossed his legs, clenched his hands around one knee, and looked at John full in

the face. Evidently the minister had touched him on a tender spot. He was in no degree excited, but was possessed of the earnestness which sometimes makes us fanatical.

"There ain't no sech thing in this universe, parson," he responded with grave dignity, "there ain't no sech thing in this wide world as a humble vocation. You are on the wrong track, even if you are our preacher, and what you say isn't orthodox."

"Excuse me," quickly replied John, "if I have wounded you by my hasty expression; but what I meant to say was—"

"No, no, parson, don't run away with the idee that you've got to talk so's not to wound me or any one else. 'Tain't that at all. What I want is for you to guard against woundin' the Lord. That's a more important matter."

"Yes," said John, considerably embarrassed.

"Now, you are a minister of the Gospel by the grace of God. Ain't that so?"

"I hope it is true, Hiram."

"You don't hope, parson, you know, or you'll have to begin all over again. Well, I am a shoemaker by the grace of God. If I make good shoes I shall get just as much credit in the hereafter as you will for bein' a faithful pastor. All work is noble and honourable, and it'll take a good deal of argyment to show me that all work isn't about equally important. You'll carry up to the Jedgment-seat a fair sample of the sermons you have preached, and I'll carry up a fair sample of the shoes I've been makin'. Your sermons will settle your future, and my shoes will settle mine. We shall fall or rise accordin' as the sample represents good or bad work. You don't s'pose, do you, that the Lord's a-going to look at your sermon and say, 'John Jessig, take your seat 'way up there in front,' then look at my shoes and say, 'Hiram, you're mighty lucky to get in here at all; go and take a seat 'way down at the end there?' Oh, no, parson. That's the difference between the Lord and us folks. If your sermon is good, and my shoes is good, He'll say, 'John and Hiram, you've used your talent about equally well. Go up there and sit in the front bench side by side, and jine in the general Hallelujah.'"

"Then you don't think there'll be any discrimination as to the class of work done?" suggested John.

"Only the discrimination between good work and bad work, not between brain work and hand work. I don't believe there'll be no aristocracy in heaven; not a bit of it. Goodness is goodness, parson, whether you find it in the mill-owner or a spindle-tender. The Spirit of the Lord is jest as much with me as I sit here peggin' away on Widow Brown's number fives, that are split at the sides, as it is with you when you are tryin' to write somethin' that'll convert sinners and cheer the godly next Sunday mornin'. Everythin' depends on the way we do our work; and as for that, it's jest as necessary for the people to have good shoes as good preachers. They can't get along without either. Men may look down on a house-painter, or a carpenter, but I reckon the angels don't do that sort of thing."

"That is all very interesting, Hiram, possibly a little startling and novel, but quite worthy of consideration."

"Jest look at that, parson," and Hiram took from a pile on the floor the battered shoe of a child; "that belongs to William Runkel's youngest, a little feller of six, and not over hardy. That boy's body ought to be kept healthy, oughtn't

it? Wall, I'm goin' to do my part. If he should catch cold some muddy day, and get the pneumonia, his father, who only earns twelve dollars a week, would have a heavy doctor's bill to pay, and even then he might lose the child. That would almost break his heart, I do believe. Now, then, I propose to mend them shoes as though my salvation depended on it. I can't afford, as a child of God, with a hope of heaven, to put poor work into that job. Too much depends on it. Yes, parson," and Hiram looked at the shoe with something like tenderness, "too much depends on it. I wouldn't like to meet that boy up yonder and have him tell me he died because I wasn't a faithful shoemaker. I couldn't stand that nohow. Do you think a vocation is a humble one when it deals with the health and lives of our fellow-creatures? I reckon not."

John Jessig regarded Hiram with mingled surprise and admiration. He was discovering some secrets, was getting a view of real life, was looking at it from the standpoint of a workingman.

On his way home he had a good deal to think about. "All honest work is important," he said to himself. "All work is important, and all work should be honest. Every man should be consecrated to his business, no matter what it is. The carpenter should ply his plane with his heart as well as with his hands. The blacksmith should drive nails into the horse's hoofs with his prayers as well as with his hammer, and do it not for pay only but for God. We are all, every one of us, priests of the Temple. Some wear robes, and some are in shirt-sleeves; some work with pen and ink, and others with forges and scythes, and tailor's needles; but we are all priests, just the same. Toil is honourable in itself, and ennobling in its influence."

There was material for a sermon, one that would touch the inner springs and motives of the spiritual life, would impress upon men a larger sense of personal importance in the world, lift them above the mere drudgery of their tasks, and fill them with inspiring and cheering impulses.

John Jessig had caught hold of a clue, and he determined to follow it to the end.

HOW INFINITELY GREAT!

BY IDA SHAFER.

Paced with solemn steps five rabbis,
On each thoughtful brow deep gloom,
In low, soul-stirred tones conversing
On their native city's doom.
But a silence fell among them,
As when prayer the heart has bowed,
Sudden on each startled rabbi
Broke a sound of joyance loud.

And a mighty wave of laughter,
Gladsome tones and merry rout,
Rolled from where a city's millions
Poured its heart of rapture out,
O'er the souls of those sad rabbis
Like the simoon's breath it swept,
Till o'ercharged with weight of sorrow,
Lifting up the voice they wept.

But Akibu stood in silence
Hearkening to the distant crowd,
Then with mighty exultation
With the echo laughed he loud.
Whilst his brethren gazed upon him
Great amazement on them fell,
Till the rabbi Gamiel answered,
"Oh, my brother, dost thou well?

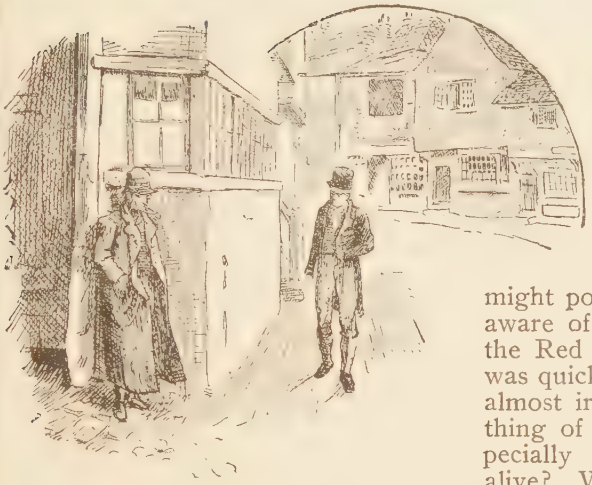
"Whilst our city lies in ruins
They to Baal who bow the knee
Dwell in peace and e'en are merry,
Weep, my brother, weep as we."
"'Tis for this I laugh, O Gamiel,
If the mercies of our Lord
Here so great to these transgressors
How much happiness is stored
For the just in the hereafter?
Infinite is their reward!"

WINNIPEG.

THE HAND ON THE HELM.

A STORY OF IRISH METHODISM.

BY FREDERICK A. TROTTER.



"HE SAW A FAMILIAR FIGURE SLOUCHING IN A GATEWAY.

CHAPTER XV.

AN OLD ACQUAINTANCE.

The days now flew rapidly with Denis. He had found the secret of a happy life. While engaged in his earthly master's service he rejoiced that he could offer all his works to his Heavenly Father, a sacrifice acceptable through Christ his Saviour. He did not escape persecution; but opposition soon died out, and Denis speedily turned the fight into the enemy's camp by beginning to hold meetings in farm-houses and cabins round about Dunboyne, to which not a few Romanists came, attentive, to hear the truth.

One day, some months after his conversion, Denis was walking down the street of the town, in which he had made his temporary residence for so long, when he thought he saw a familiar figure slouching in a gateway. Surely he knew that hang-dog expression, half disguised by a look of innocent stupidity. It could be none other than Larry M'Loughlin.

Immediately it flashed across his mind how much reason he had to dread such a meeting, and what the presence of Larry in this town might portend to him, for he was aware of Larry's connection with the Red Branches. This thought was quickly succeeded by a desire, almost irresistible, to learn something of his native place, and especially of Rose. Was she still alive? Was she wed? Had she, indeed, utterly forgotten and forsaken him? Many a time he had turned these matters over in his mind, and was rapidly coming to the decision of venturing back, in spite of Red Branches, to put the thing to the test. But, then, Rose's silence, so long continued and so significant. If she cared for him no longer, why should he ever seek his native place? Better forget it and her forever.

Now, however, it was evident he was discovered by the agents of the secret society, and his doom must soon be sealed.

What should he do? Would it be better for him to seek safety in instant flight or brave it out? Possibly Larry's appearance had nothing to do with him. He may have drifted over here on business connected with the fair, and yet it was unlikely in the last degree. No, it was better for him to flee at once. Upon the point of acting upon this hastily formed judgment, he was suddenly accosted by the man whose unexpected appearance had given him such a shock.

"Masthur Denis! Masthur Denis!" the fellow shouted effusively, beaming all over with simulated delight. "'Tis indade yourself, an' me thinkin' this five minutes that surely 'twas your ghost was in it, or you'd have spoken to your uncle's owld sarvent, an' your own 'umble friend. Yes, Masthur Denis, your friend, though I say it, who shouldn't. 'Twas meself knew well, this many a day, where you wur hidin'; but wud I give information to the Red Branches? Shurely you know me better nor that! No, Masthur Denis, tho' 'twas again me oath to the society, sorra word iver I split about seein' your handwritin' on a owld letter ov yours wid Mr. O'Meara, which he dropt comin' from the post wan day. It's true enough, I can't read hand-writin', but I can spell out printin'. 'Twas well I knew your M, in Meara, tho', fur ye may mind you gave me two or three lessons in writin', till I tired ov it a few winters ago. You made the M for M'Loughlin the very same way, wid the same flourish at his off hind leg. 'Tis from Denis,' ses I, 'and he's hidin' in Dunboyne, for that's the postmark.' But you may depend your life on Larry. Sorra wan knew it but meself till the anger ov the Red Branches blew over, as blow over it did, and home ye may come to-morrow, sur, if ye like, fur there's not wan o' them would lay a han' on ye now."

"I'm obliged to you, Larry. You're an honest fellow, after all, I believe. But why should I go home after all, and, perhaps, how do I know——"

"Ah, I know what you'd be afthur ruminatin'—'Maybe this is a trap ov Larry's to bring me into trouble.' Well, sur, ye may make your mind aisy about that. If I wanted to get you into a fix I could do it widout the trouble ov comin' here. All I'd have to do would ha' been to let the Red Branches know where ye are and they would carry out the big sentence here just as well as anywhere else, and that you know well, sur."

"Well, that's true enough, Larry. But what about Rose?"

"Why, sur, shure it's on her account we want ye home. 'Tis pinin' an' dying she is fur ye, Masthur Denis. Out ov pity fur the poor droopin' Rose I came here, wan errand to bring ye back to her."

"Does she then, indeed, still think of me?"

"Arrah, why not?"

"Larry, she never wrote in reply to my many letters."

Larry whistled. "Ah, I see it all, now, Masthur Denis. The owld villain, beggin' your pardon, Masthur Denis, her father must have kept your letters from her; that's why he was so mortal quick in hidin' the wan I found. Shure 'tis her says ye niver wrote a word to her."

"Larry, give me your hand, you are as true, honest a fellow as ever breathed. Here's a guinea for you, my lad. You've told me the best news I've heard for many a long day. You've lifted a big cloud from my mind. I'll go back with you to sweet Ballydoheny, my own dear village, best and brightest spot in all the world."

After Denis had retired that night he turned the matter over in his mind. The happiness of knowing that Rose still lived, and still loved him, filled him with joy—a joy soon damped when he remembered that now his faith was not hers. Could he marry one so alien to his spiritual sympathies? How about his honour, his pledged troth? How to reconcile his duty to his God and to his betrothed he knew not. At any rate he could pray and work, and hope for her conversion, and trust in God.

In the morning he made known

all the facts to his dear mistress, and, at her advice, requested leave of absence for two or three weeks in order that he might revisit his native place, and ascertain how things really stood, his master kindly promising, after some "fine old crusted" advice, to keep his situation open for him for an indefinite period, in case he should discover, on his arrival, good reason to return.

CHAPTER XVI.

BACK TO THE OLD NEST.

In the days of which we write the modes of travelling in Ireland were, we need hardly say, of the most primitive sort. The unwieldy mail coach, indeed, rattled over the principal roads, and awakened the echoes in the slumbering streets of the towns on the great highways between the capital and chief cities of the province. Yet the fares on this picturesque vehicle were high, and the accommodation necessarily limited. Moreover, between county towns, not immediately upon the route travelled by his Majesty's mail, there was often no regular and reliable means of communication. Men had, therefore, to depend upon their private resources when business or pleasure made a journey compulsory. It was a frequent custom for a person to purchase a horse before his departure, and, having ridden to his destination, there to dispose of the animal for the original purchase-money, or, perhaps, a little more, according as the price of horse-flesh ruled in the respective towns.

Denis proposed to adopt this plan on his return journey to Ballydoheny. The nag judiciously selected (for Denis was a good judge of the points of a horse), his few belongings packed in the valise strapped behind his saddle, our hero starts, with a stout heart, for home again.

The parting scene with his friends in Dunboyne was peculiarly affecting, for Denis had not only endeared himself to them by his natural kindliness of disposition, but his conversion had forged a new and tender link between them, which they felt that not even death itself would sever.

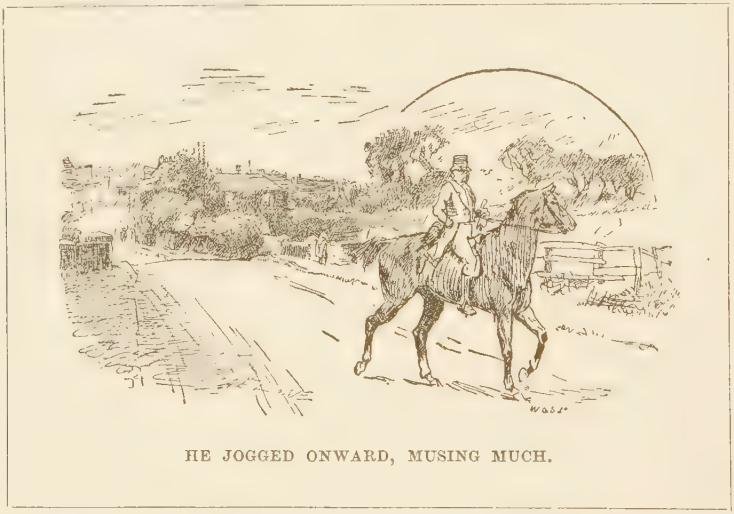
With bounding pulses he passed each landmark on the road, that stretched before him, towards his well-remembered home. Long stretches of bog land, from which the curlew rose with a whir, as the noise of his horse's footfall roused her from her nest, and on which the turf stacks loomed black against the brightness of the horizon, were succeeded by stony wastes, "unprofitably gay" with the glory of the furze in full bloom. These alternated with cultivated patches of land, whereon stood the cotter's cabin, issuing from the door of which ragged, but healthy, youngsters would run, shouting, to follow the horse as long as their legs and lungs could hold out, begging vociferously meanwhile. Then, at intervals, glints of the open sea in the distance would remind him of Ballydoheny and its silvery waters, till his heart sang with joy at the thought that he was actually upon his way to his beloved native village, which he had never hoped to see again.

Thus he jogged onward, musing much and praying not a little, unspeakably happy, and thankful beyond the power of words to express, until, on the evening of the third day, he found himself in a lonely gorge, well remembered by him as the scene of many a bird-nesting expedition in days gone by. It was situate about seven miles from Ballydoheny, and Denis had good hope of making the village itself before midnight.

He had intended being on this part of his journey earlier, but for some unexplained cause he had been much delayed at the inn a few miles in the rear.

At this hostelry he had met with apparently great kindness from O'Malley, the innkeeper, an old acquaintance, who insisted upon his staying all night, and who, in his zeal to induce Denis to comply with his invitation, had hidden his valise. It was only by dint of firmness, almost amounting to rudeness, that Denis at last had dragged his valise from the reluctant landlord, and, after saddling his own horse, had proceeded on his way. He thought that the host took things too much to heart, when, upon looking back, he saw a scowl gathering on the man's brow, belying the fair words uttered at parting; but this Denis put down in his own mind as being the result of the man's resentment for the slight put upon his offers of hospitality, knowing that such conduct as this is often viewed as insulting by the Irish. But, then, Denis was really in a great hurry. He had now no taste for society such as the innkeeper's, and was glad, indeed, to get away from his coarse and profane jokes. The house, too, he remembered, had but an indifferent reputation; but a moment afterwards he had forgotten all about the man's manner, every other feeling being absorbed in the overwhelming astonishment and dismay with which he received the startling intelligence which O'Malley sprung upon him before parting.

Denis had not traversed more than a few yards of the road when he heard the footsteps of the innkeeper hurriedly following him. He had run after him, he said, that he might wish him good luck, and to give his hand a final farewell shake; in reality, his object was to cast a Parthian dart into the mind of Denis, which he knew would rankle and sting there like the maddening pain of a snake bite.



HE JOGGED ONWARD, MUSING MUCH.

"'Twas lavin' ye widout lettin' ye hear the news ov the country, I was, Denis. You'll be glad to hear your owld friend an' neighbour, Miss Rosa O'Meara, is to be married to-morrow mornin' to a dacent boy. You know him, too.

'Tis Mr. Swanby, her kind friend, since her father's death."

O'Malley retired, chuckling an evil laugh to himself. He had fulfilled, at least in part, the commission with which he had been entrusted by Denis' enemies. If he had not decoyed the poor lad to stay all night, and thus secure to them an easy victory, he had at least delayed Denis long enough to prevent him reaching his destination before midnight. Much might be done in the meantime. A close observer might have noticed a swift messenger clandestinely stealing forth from the back premises of the inn shortly after Denis' departure, moving swiftly, by a shorter and more direct route, across the fields towards the same point of the compass as Denis was travelling.

CHAPTER XVII.

VENGEANCE.

The night was pitch dark, and Denis urged his tired horse forward, eager to cover the remaining distance as quickly as possible. Suddenly he felt the horse stumble and swerve. At the same moment as he discerned a rope stretched across his path, he saw a shadowy form rise from the side of the road. A man grasped his bridle, while another, dimly visible in the gloom, presented a gun at Denis' head.

"Come down, Denis O'Sullivan," said the second, "come down, and answer for yourself to the Red Branch."

Had it, indeed, come to this at last? The thing he feared had overtaken him. He sat, for a second, like one stupefied. All the horror and bitterness of his situation rushed upon his mind in that terrible moment. A lonely death; his fate unknown. But a little while ago, he imagined he could have welcomed death, since life without Rose seemed scarce worth having. But now that the grim spectre actually stared him in the face, his feeling underwent a complete change.

He was young, and life was strong and lusty in all his pulses. It would be bitter, indeed, never to look upon the sweet sunlight again. Where was the Providence in it all, over which he had been exulting? Satan whispered: 'Where is the chance of bringing Rose to the knowledge of the Truth?' Here to die without mercy in the dark. For a moment he was tempted to doubt the goodness of God. But soon his soul fell back upon the grand promise, which seemed whispered in his ear, as though one spoke it audibly: "Fear not, for I am with thee, neither be dismayed."

All this passed, with lightning quickness, through his mind. Then, in a few minutes, he was dismounted, and walking silently between two masked men, while two more brought up the rear, and another armed villain, appropriating Denis' horse, led the way.

After a long scramble over ditches and through bogs, at last they arrived where a lonely hut looms dim against the newly-risen moon. Here they bid their prisoner enter, who no sooner does so, than he becomes aware that he is in the presence of an encampment of the Red Branches, in full session assembled, doubtless waiting to try him for his alleged treachery.

Seated on the president's chair, Denis notes Sweeny, the village baker, supported on his right by the rugged form of O'Regan, the Shanvar; the latter, after a mutual glance of astonished recognition passes between him and the prisoner, cries:

"Why, Denis, is it the way 'tis you they've brought to thry for trayson to the ordher?"

The stern looks of his fellow-conspirators compelled the ungainly questioner to silence, while some of them growl out an admonition to him to remember his oath.

"I rem'ber it well, Pat Slavin," said the Shanvar; "and this night 'tis yourself and the rest 'll have full proof that I'll do me duty to ivery thrator."

"A MAN GRASPED HIS BRIDLE."

"That's well," was the reply; "you're to forget here, who is your friend outside. If he's an enemy to his country and to the ordher, he's an enemy to you. Bring up the prisoner."

"There's no call for tryin' him," said a voice down the table. "Shure 'tis condemned he is already. 'Tis the way we have only to execute the sintince. Look up the minutes, and you'll find it's thrue what I'm sayin'."

"Is that Larry that's spakin'?" said the Shanvar. "'Arrah, Larry, is it your swate voice I heerd? 'Tis yourself is the friend ov the cause; the thrue and trusted patriot."

"That's so," said Larry. "'Tis many a sacrifice meself has made for the ordher, as you all well know."

"To be shure, we have heard that afore. But, any way, let us hear what the prisoner has got to say before we execute the sintince which Larry here tells us is already pronounced, and I believe he's right, too."

Then, turning to Denis, he continued: "Denis O'Sullivan, you're charged with the high crime ov betrayin' a patriot, the time ye guided the boat's crew to Spillane's den. What have ye to say why we shouldn't carry out the sintince ov death again ye?"

"As true as I am standin' here, I never dreamt of betrayin' Spillane. I was cajoled by the clever lieutenant into believing that it was an errand of mercy we were goin' upon,—to save poor O'Hannigan, the madman. Right well the lieutenant knew money would not tempt me to guide him through the currents of the Hogshead rocks for such a purpose, and so he hit upon the plan I'm tellin' ye of."

"A very loikely story," sneered Larry. "People don't be hangin' about Saxon lieutenants widout makin' somethin' out o' it."

"Ye spake from experience, belike," said the Shanvar. "'Tis well I mind the day I seen you and the lieutenant talking in Locgrange. Did I hear no chink ov goold that day, Larry?"

"Ye did; and I towld ye 'twas money for Driscoll's boat I was gittin.' The lieutenant had bought it. I was bringin' the money to Driscoll. Mr. Crosbie towld ye that, too, at the same time."

"He did, at the same time. He towld me another story afterwards.

So did Driscoll by the same token; for he towld me that the lieutenant had paid him wid English notes, and 'twas bothered the poor chap was to git them passed. Few ov us cared for that paper, though I'm towld it's as good as the Bank o' Ireland, for all that. I gave it out I left the counthry, bekase ov throuble I'd got into. Ye believed it, Larry, or ye niver would ha' come so near my den the night ye were ladin' the sodgers. 'Tis meself was watchin' ye, my lad, from Nurney's Cave!"

"Boys," he said, turning to his fellow-conspirators, "saize him! I charge him wid betrayin' our saycrets, and bringin' the sodgers down on the smugglers in the cave. I seen him wid me own eyes; so did Phil Lantern-jaws, he's me chum, some calls him me ay-day-cong. Any way, he was wid me, and seed it all. Larry was wid the sodgers, I tell ye, and, afterwards, we followed them up, and seen where he was ladin' them to. By the same token, too, he was bringin' thim by the shortest cut, which few ov ourselves knows, let alone the red-coats (worse luck, they know it now). Well, ov course, such bein' the case, sorra bit a chance we had to pass thim and give warnin' to poor Spillane."

Larry's jaw fell. He saw the looks of anger and horror with which he was viewed by his comrades, who now edged away from him with every mark of detestation. He began to see that his doom was sealed.

"Why didn't ye denounce him before this?" said one of the Red Branches.

"That's aisy answered, Mick. Shure, ye know, I dursent show my face in the country till this blessed lieutenant was cleared out ov it. Now the thing's blown by, and I take the first chance ov denouncin' the rascal and clearin' Denis."

"By the bye," said the president, "the lieutenant came to me afore he left and towld me a story about Denis not knowin' but that he was goin' to help to trap a madman, and that he niver even guessed where they were bringin' him to. I didn't believe him at the time. I thought he was wantin' to clear Denis, as bein' a kind ov chum ov his."

"Well, bhoys," said O'Regan, "you'll belave me whin I say that niver an O'Sullivan was a traitor, an' 'tis strange, indade, if Denis should brake by kind. 'Tis well I know the family, breed, seed, and generation, from his great-grandfather down, and niver a traitor in the lot; but they were all dacent, reliable men. I'll not forgit in a hurry the kindness ov that same Denis to me and moine, when the lieutenant would ha' cotched us wid the stuff in canfuls through the house. Wasn't it Denis that tipped us the warnin' in toime, so that my Biddy (hiven bless her) had a chance to outwit the Sassenach, and cleverly she done it, too, wid her hoop thrown over her cans. Ye mind it, Denis? 'Tis many a laugh we had over it since; my, but it was a great trick." And the fellow chuckled with delight at the remembrance of his wife's stratagem.

"Was it loike as if Denis was hand and glove wid the Sassenach to the injury ov the cause? Could not he aisly have kept himself in the background that day and played into the lieutenant's hands if he had loiked, and we niver a bit the wiser? If he was thick wid the Englishman, it was only in the way ov sport, seein' as they were both fond of the gun an' the line, but beyant that there was nothin' between them, an' I defy anybody to prove the contrary. But, as for this rascal," pointing to Larry, "he's been playin' a double game all along."

"You seen Larry M'Loughlin wid the sodgers, leadin' them that night?" said the president, solemnly, to the Shanvar.

"I swear it," was the reply.

"And you?" he turned to the man known as Lantern-jaws.

"I swear it, too."

"Listen here to this, bhoys," said the chairman. "Listen to this," and he drew forth from his pocket a letter which, with solemn deliberation, he began to read :

"To the President, Officers, and Members of the Red Branch Society.

"I, Patrick Louis Swanby, though not belonging to the said society, do take it upon me, in the interests of justice and the good cause, to warn the said society that they are harbouring a traitor among them—no other than Laurence M'Loughlin, of Bawnacoosheen.

"The president and members of the Red Branch Society are aware that an attempt was made to surprise the crusoes a fortnight before the successful raid was made. I have proof that Larry M'Loughlin acted as guide to Lieutenant Crosbie on that occasion."

"It's a lie," shouted Larry, starting up in terror, "I was in bed at Bawnacoosheen that night."

"You seem to know well what night it happened on," said the president.

"He's a false-hearted villain," said a member of the society, rising in his place. "I'm the proof that Mr. Swanby spoke ov. 'Tis well I know it, fur I made it me business to look after Larry's goin's on. I'm at sarvice in Bawnacoosheen, meself. He was often out ov bed at nights. That night I'm sure he was, fur I follyed him; I seen it all."

"Why, then, didn't ye denounce him long ago?" was the inquiry of the president.

"I was goin' to do so, but Mr. Swanby, he says, 'Don't you say a word—at any rate, yet awhile—I'll talk to Larry. 'Twould be a pity to denounce him. Give him another chance. Maybe I can make him see his wrong and save him.' But it's worse he got. I often seen him colloging wid the lieutenant."

"Oh, saints above," shouted Larry, in a rage. "The rascality of this man! Now that he's got all out of me he wants, he flings me away loike an owld gooseberry skin. 'Tis the way whin he's revenged on Masthur Denis, he wants me out ov the road, and bad luck to him for a villain."

"Take him off, an' over the cliff with him! Anybody again' that?" he addressed the meeting. "Hands up; any objectors? There's none. Larry M'Loughlin, you've got the big sintince."

"Oh, marcy!" cried the wretch. "Oh, marcy! marcy! an' I'll tell ye all. Don't kill me. 'Twasn't me, indade, I'm only the tool ov another. It was Swanby wanted Denis out ov the road, and put me up to git him deluded an' guide the party under the pretence ov catchin' mad O'Hannigan.

"Denis, Denis, now I've cleared ye, plead fur me. Oh, for the sake ov owld toimes, Denis, asthore, put in a word for me. Don't let thim kill me loike a dog!"

"For heaven's sake give the poor creature a chance to make his peace with God. Give to him the mercy that you hope for yourselves in the great day!"

But all in vain. Two masked men dragged the caitiff out in the darkness of the night without a word. The tragedy that was then enacted in the darkness was witnessed by none save the perpetrators and the screaming sea-birds, which were aroused from their rocky fastnesses by the cries of the doomed man, hurled headlong to his fearful death.

CHAPTER XVIII.

ANCHORAGE.

There is little more to be told. Denis was soon liberated by the gang, and on his way by the first streaks of dawn to his old home. Alas, with what different feelings than those he experienced but yesterday, did he contemplate the prospect of seeing Rose once more.

To be married this very morning, and, of all men, to Swanby. How he had always loathed that man. He persistently avoided and shunned him, feeling, instinctively, that not only had they nothing in common, but that there was a positive antipathy in his mind towards the smiling, smooth-tongued man, who often, for some reason of his own, courted his acquaintance.

Now to think that his own fair Rose should be won and worn by such a fellow. Disgust and indignation struggled for mastery in his bosom. But gradually these gave way to better feelings as he realized how wonderfully the providence of God had guided him, not only during the previous night of peril, but throughout all his period of exile and toil in far Dunboyne.

Yes! he would trust and not be afraid. The God who had guided him hitherto, even when he was an alien and a stranger to the household of heaven, would surely be with him to the end; much more, now when he was a child of God, might he count upon all things working together for his good. Yes! even if his beloved Rose must be snatched from him, at the very hour of anticipated happiness, bitter though such an experience surely would be, nevertheless, even out of that cup of gall he felt sure his Heavenly Father could extract comfort and spiritual good, the effects of which would be lasting as eternity. There was an infallible Hand on the Helm, and all would be well.

Might it not be better for all parties if they should never meet again? Who knows but that a wise and gracious God saw that, if he had married Rose or even associated very closely with her in the effort to convert her, that his own soul would be endangered? But, then, she may not be married. 'Tis like enough it is but gossip. The subtle power of her beauty and his love for her would, he was certain, be strong allies on her side, did she propose to convert him. Very possibly. Who can tell? Human nature is, at best, but very weak. She might prevail, and the tables be turned against him with a vengeance. He felt sure that he could never be certain of his own steadfastness under such an ordeal.

Here, then, was sufficient to give him pause; and, as he drew rein by the roadside, the sweat poured from his brow, by reason of the greatness of the mental conflict which, for a while, convulsed him. Here was a decisive battle being fought out, in the scope of this one solitary soul, in that lonely country lane, during the first hours of a bright summer morning.

Tremendous the issues that hang upon these few minutes! Shall he yield to his inclinations and his passion, or trample upon his lower nature, crucify self, and decide to shun, forever, the path of temptation? Heaven watches, with intense interest, the struggle. Hell waits its decision. Denis felt that his eternal interests were at stake.

We have all our critical moments, when our fate is fixed forever, it may be, in the space of a few minutes. As a certain great preacher has put it: "Our Waterloos have a way of crashing unexpectedly into our lives, often

when the current of every-day affairs is most unruffled."

Denis lifted up his heart in prayer for strength. Almost on the point of yielding; the reins in his hands had twitched to the left, the horse had turned his head in the direction of Ballydoheny, had taken two steps forward, when better counsels prevailed, and Denis had gained the victory.

His face cleared; the expression of doubt and hesitation fled, like clouds disappearing from a darkened sky. A look of anguish had replaced that of doubt; for none could guess the agony his decision had cost Denis. But now it was done and settled forever. With a beating heart, yet strangely supported, he turned his horse's head in the direction from which he had come, and slowly retraced his steps.

Whither these eventually should tend he knew not. Possibly back to Dunboyne. Yet he felt, after all, that he could never again bring back the old life, nor fall exactly into the old ways there. No, he must go further afield. America would be his goal. From thence he would write one farewell letter to his dear Rose, return her ring, and then, in good deeds, spend the rest of his life in the interests of others. Rose he could never see again without imperilling his faith. He felt certain of that.

He had not proceeded far on the road when he was roused from his reverie by the clatter of hoofs on the road. Looking round he beheld a horseman riding furiously in his direction. As the man drew nearer, he was amazed beyond measure to recognize his quondam neighbour, and, as he believed, his present rival, Swanby, evidently under the influence of liquor, urging his horse to yet greater speed.

What could possibly have occurred to occasion a bridegroom thus to turn his back upon the church, his bride, and wedding guests, and flee, as if for bare life, in an opposite direction to that in which his happiness awaited him?

Denis' first thought was that something had happened to Rose. His next, that the man was drunk, and knew not what he did. In the latter conjecture he was not far wrong. He turned round, and they faced each other.

The flushed and angry countenance of Swanby blanched and quailed before Denis' calm gaze.

"You!" he shouted, hoarsely. "Is it you I see, or your ghost?"

Denis came nearer and smiled; but the other, striking spurs into his horse, made the animal bound to the other side of the road. His guilty conscience and the muddled condition of his brain, after a night's hard drinking, had convinced him that he now beheld the avenging spirit of the man for whose death he was accountable.

In his terror he would have continued his flight on the instant, had not Denis caught hold of the bridle of his horse, and thus detained him.

"Listen to me, Swanby," he said, sternly. "I know you have good reason to fear me. I'm not a spirit! but no thanks to you that I'm alive to-day. I could only have frightened you out of your senses had I been the ghost you imagined me to be at first; but look you, Swanby, are you married to Rose?"

"I'm not."

"Thank God!" ejaculated Denis in devout gratitude. "I said I could only have frightened you had I been the spirit you took me for, but, as I am a living man, I'm more to be dreaded than any spirit, I can tell you." He continued "Well, hearken! You must never marry her. Do ye hear? For I'll not suffer her to marry a murderer, an' that you are in heart this day

as well you know. Larry is dead, but he confessed all before he got the big sentence. The Red Branches know your villainy and so do I. If you speak to Rose again one word, we'll let her and the law know all about your dirty tricks."

"As for that," said Swanby, "'tis little I care what she knows. I'm well rid of her. But if I can't marry her, neither can you, that's one comfort, widout havin' to bear the curse ov the Church, an' losin' your own soul. And that's a risk I'll run for no woman. She's a heretic."

"HE RODE FURIOUSLY DOWN THE ROAD."

"What!" shouted Denis, "a what! Rose a Protestant?"

"Aye, that she is, an' a black one, too, so you're done out ov her, too, me boy, unless you take her at the risk ov your soul; and in that case if I don't have vengeance in this world I'll have it on ye in the next; for any one that will marry her 'll be brought under the curse she's blasted wid."

But Denis did not wait to hear the end of this sentence. As soon as he had realized the import of the words, which conveyed to him the intelligence that Rose was one with him in faith, he rapidly wheeled his horse, rode as furiously down the road as Swanby had ridden up it. The reaction from his former feelings, akin to despair, chastened only by resignation to the Divine will, to those of exultant joy was almost too much for him.

Swanby stood looking after him, a grin of satisfaction on his bloated features.

"Ye thought to give me a fright did ye, Denis? threatenin' about your law; but I'm greatly mistaken if I have not given ye a shock ye'll not git over in a hurry, my lad. Look at him now, the rage he is in, mad wid disappointment and vexation. By the same token it is better fur me to keep out of his way at any rate, fur 'tis lookin' to have rivinge he'll be now, an' there's no doubt he's got the whip han' ov me, by manes of that rascally informer Larry, that's received his deserts at last, curse him. An' thim villains, too," he added, shaking his fists in the direction of his own homestead; to foreclose the mortgage, and take possession ov all on this days ov all days in the year which should ha' been my weddin' day! My farm gone which was mine an' my forebearers' before me for generations. But there! I must seek my fortune in other parts! Ballydoheny has seen the last ov me! 'Tis too hot a place for me to live in any longer!"

And so that was the last that was ever seen of Swanby. Whether he was afraid of the vengeance of the secret society or of the power of British law with which Denis had threatened him, or because his property in the locality was gone from him, or whether all three causes co-oper-

ated to keep him out of the neighbourhood was never known; but at any rate he disappeared as completely from the scene of his former villainies as poor Larry had done a short time previously.

Is there any occasion to follow the fortunes of Denis further? His affairs have at last reached that climax when his biographer has nothing more to do but to make his bow and wish his readers as large a measure of happiness, peace, and prosperity as fell to the lot of honest Denis and his buxom Rose.

Doubtless, if like Denis we surrender the helm of our destiny into the hands of the infallible Helmsman, like him we shall be guided at last to a sure haven; and in due time when we cross the Bar of death, shall see our Pilot face to face, where the storms shall cease, and beyond these turmoils there is peace.

THE END.

THE SOUL GARDEN.

BY A. HART.

The Lord into the garden came,—
It was a place prepared by love,
It may not be like that above,
But made for man's abode.
A holy calm, both day and night
Was there, and man could in the light
Forever walk with God.

The Lord into the garden came,—
He came Himself with man to talk,
And man with God in peace did walk,
Did of his Maker know.
The tree of life,— God's wisdom—stood
Among the trees whose fruit was good
For food, God made it so.

The Lord into the garden came
At cool of day to talk with man,
He found a tree not in His plan
Nor like the tree of life
Not all the trees could hide its form;
Its presence there had caused a storm,
A fearful storm of strife.

The Lord into the garden came,—
That evil tree had changed the place;
Man could not now behold G d's face.
From out the garden driven,
Because of sin, he toiled for food,
Averse from God, and stripped of good,
And lost, his right to heaven.

The Lord into the garden came,—
Oh, how that prayer went up to heaven,
"Lord, pass the cup which Thou hast given,
If Thou can'st will it so;
If not, then, Father, help Thy Son,
And by Thy strength Thy will be done,
And man again God know."

The Lord into the garden came,—
How great the strife to gain man's good;
For God's own Son sweat drops of blood,
When He there agonized.
Then from the garden forth He went,
Strong in the strength the Father sent,
A victory realized.

The Lord into the garden came,—
His victory the right did bring,
For righteousness and praise to spring,
That He may take delight
In all the trees, that by His care,
Are made to grow so rich and fair,
And be a wondrous sight.

The Lord into the garden came.—
Can we in righteousness and love
Be made to grow like Him above,
And beautify the place?
Does God the Lord among us walk,
Does He in love and mercy talk,
And we behold his face?

The Lord into the garden came,—
Glory to God that He has said,
By faith in Him we may be made
Like tre s of Eden old.
The fruit for food, the leaves a balm,
And live in blessed holy calm,
To do His will made bold.

Halifax, N.S.

WHAT SHOULD MINISTERS PREACH?

BY REV. E. H. DEWART, D.D.

What are the proper themes for the Christian preacher? Most Christian people regard this as a settled question which requires no answer. Yet it has of late become a living question, owing to a widespread disposition to criticize and find fault with the current teaching of the pulpit. Both secular and religious periodicals have given considerable space to criticisms of the subjects of preaching, accompanied by intimations as to what should be the theme of the pulpit. The most prominent thought in most of these homilies is, that doctrines are of little value, and, therefore, preachers should make the social duties that arise out of the relations of life the chief feature of their message to the people. It is alleged that preachers preach metaphysical theology, and neglect to enforce the practical duties of life.

It may be freely admitted that ministers need to guard against taking too narrow a view of the scope of pulpit teaching. When St. Paul says to the Corinthians, "For I determined not to know anything among you, save Jesus Christ and him crucified," he evidently did not mean literally that this should be his only theme; for in his epistles he discusses many other subjects relating to matters of belief and duty. All questions of moral duty are fit topics for the pulpit. All themes, the discussion of which is in harmony with the mission of the Church in the world, are proper subjects for the Christian preacher. The range of topics presented in the Scriptures is by no means narrow; and a preacher may always feel that he is on safe ground when he is expounding and enforcing truths taught in the Bible. Should not a preacher condemn prevailing forms of injustice and sin? Certainly; and for so doing he has a fine example in the Hebrew prophets, those fearless preachers of righteousness who quailed not before the face of hostile kings. It will be admitted by every one that ministers of the Gospel should earnestly cöperate in all movements designed to promote social reform and alleviate human suffering. The poor and suffering classes, from whatever cause their needs may have arisen, should never fail to have the earnest practical sympathy of the Christian preacher. In him they should always find a ready advocate and champion.

All this is freely avowed, without the least consciousness that in saying these things we are making any new departure from accepted Christian principles. But there is a good deal said and written in condemnation of present-day preaching that is neither sound nor fair. There are many instances of a zeal that is not according to knowledge. Some who assume to be critics and reformers display crudeness of thought and ignorance of the subject about which they write so flippantly. Signs are not wanting that many of these censors have a very limited acquaintance with the character of the preaching in our Protestant churches. At any rate their characterization of the preaching in the churches will not be generally accepted as correct by those who are in the best position to form an intelligent judgment in the case.

The disparagement of doctrinal preaching is one of the most characteristic features of current criticisms of the modern pulpit. If it be meant that human creeds are sometimes unduly exalted, and that dissertations on dogmas are not expedient in the pulpit, few will question this. But doctrines are the great truths of our religion, and therefore their exposition in the pulpit is eminently proper. The belief of these truths supplies the strongest motives to righteous living. A mere intellectual assent to a creed may be a fruitless thing; but a living faith in the truths of the Christian religion is not a vain thing. "As a man thinketh in his heart so is he." No one who truly believes the great truths of divine Revelation relating to God and man, to duty and destiny, can deem it an unimportant thing whether they are faithfully set forth in the preaching of the pulpit or not. There is good reason to believe that many disparage the preaching of Christian doctrines because they do not believe them, or because they have some theories of their own which they desire to substitute for what they contemn. It is sometimes urged as a complaint that ministers are no longer leaders of public and social movements in the localities in which they reside, as they were in former times. Nearly all the ministers with whom I am acquainted are men who are "ready to every good work." Yet, even if the allegation be in the main true, it is not a just reason for condemning ministers. If

Christian laymen have been aroused to take a more active part in reformatory movements, we shall rejoice that this is the case. But is not this, in most instances, a result of the very preaching that is condemned?

It is alleged that preachers should give special prominence to political economy, national politics, and all the social questions of the day. It may be freely conceded that the practical application of the moral teaching of Christianity to all the relations of life is an important part of the Christian preacher's duty. But everything that is true or right is not embraced in the Christian preacher's commission. The great mission of the preacher is to declare God's threatenings against impenitent sinners, to make known the way of salvation through Christ, and to teach the duty of righteousness and benevolence in every sphere of life. Rightly understood this embraces a wide range. The Gospel, fully preached, touches all phases of human life, and condemns every form of wrongdoing and injustice.

Some time ago the Rev. H. R. Haweis, of England, in an article in *The North American Review*, maintained that commerce, politics, newspapers, economics, novels, plays, current literature, theosophy, occultism, spiritualism, and Christian science are all legitimate subjects for the preacher. The man who can recommend such a conglomeration of themes can not have scriptural ideas of the object of preaching, or of the value of the truths which constitute the burden of the Christian preacher's message. The regular selection of secular themes, instead of Scripture truths, as the subjects of sermons, can hardly be approved by any one who believes that the Church has a Gospel of Salvation to preach to the world. It would be a deplorable thing if preachers, who stand as ambassadors for Christ, beseeching sinners to be reconciled to God, should take their ideas for preaching from men who have drifted away from the faith of the Gospel.

We have schools and colleges in which art, literature, physical science, astronomy, agriculture, metaphysics, biology, chemistry, and other branches of useful knowledge are taught. Will any one maintain that it is the business of the pulpit to undertake to teach such subjects, however important they may be, and to compete with the agencies now employed in the dissemination of general secular knowledge? For the preacher to drift away in any such line would be to disregard the direct command of Christ, and the teaching and practice of the apostles, and practically to confess either that the people did not need the Gospel message, or that it had no special adaptation to the wants and woes of a sinful world.

Doubtless, there is room for improvement in preaching, but I am not prepared to admit that in the preaching of to-day there is any general neglect to apply the principles of Christ's religion to the duties of common life. Even in the last century John Wesley, whose evangelistic work might be supposed to limit the range of his teaching, preached and published a series of discourses expounding and enforcing the practical duties enjoined in the Sermon on the Mount. The sermons that are published in volumes, as well as those printed in the newspapers, do not at all justify the charge that the preachers of to-day deal in discussions of abstract dogmas, and neglect to condemn the social and moral evils of the times. Ministers are not perfect, but they can not be fairly charged with failing to apply Christ's teaching to the moral problems of modern life. All departments of knowledge may be used by the preacher to illustrate and enforce religious truth. At the same time, it is certain that the discussion of political and economic questions in the pulpit, even when moral principles are involved, requires special wisdom and discretion.

The Chicago Advance not long ago had some judicious remarks on this subject, from which I select a few pertinent sentences:

"The fact can not be concealed that the pulpit that undertakes to discuss questions of political economy puts itself into an extremely difficult and unsatisfactory position. . . It is a science, therefore, to be discussed either by specialists or by men of practical experience. The minister is neither, and when he undertakes to set forth his theories of the science, he is walking on thin ice. . . When he is preaching the Word of God, he is wielding a sword that is invincible."—*Homiletic Review.*

NOBLE LIVES.

As clear as amber, fine as musk
Is the life of those who, pilgrim wise,
Move hand in hand, from dawn to dusk,
Each morning nearer Paradise.

Oh, not for them shall angels pray!
They stand in everlasting light,
They walk in Allah's smile by day,
And nestle in his heart by night.

—*T. B. Aldrich.*

FOR PEACE AND BROTHERHOOD.*

BY LADY HENRY SOMERSET.

LADY HENRY SOMERSET.

In the laws of ancient Rome there were punishments arduous, brutal and severe, for every imagined offence, but the crime of parricide found no mention in that cruel code, for even that people emerging from primitive barbarity could not contemplate a member of their society committing so hideous, so unnatural an offence. Shall we then find it easy to speak, I will not say lightly but at all, of a possible collision between the mother and the daughter country? And yet our ears are tingling still with the awful threat that came like a thunderclap from an untroubled sky to make us dizzy with the picture of a calamity that none could have foreseen. In a moment every bond and tie of friendship, of kindred and of blood was seen to be at stake. Fierce and angry words were hurled from side to side, and we heard the distant murmurs of those slumbering fires of national rivalries and hatreds, fires that we hoped and prayed were long since extinct and might never devastate the world again in their untamable eruptions.

England and America! What associations these names have! Political liberty and freedom have been born and cradled and nurtured to vigorous life within their borders. They are the nations which have taught the world the rights of manhood, which are even now engaged in opening new possibilities and working out the just recognition of woman's sphere and power. They have abolished slavery; they have made common cause over a hundred moral, social, political reforms; the have led the van in substituting the arbitrament of law and reason for the undiscriminating verdict of the sword.

I may be told that it is the spokesmen of America that brought war so near us; that it is they who are aggressive, that it is not certain that America is so surely bent on peace. I do not deny that there are classes and sections in America hostile to us. I do not dispute that there are politicians and agitators in the United States who openly advocate war with us, because that war would serve the interests of certain small and noisy bodies who give vent to the same wretched theories that twenty years ago were common here. But if it is the great mass of thinking and responsible persons who are included in this indictment, I deny it absolutely. We must not wonder if there are some who speak irresponsibly, recklessly.

We must remember that there are large classes in America who are still comparatively new to the duties of citizenship, emigrants from Europe, untrained by long tradition to judge calmly of political issues, with many an hereditary grudge against the older nations of the world, taught by generations of class oppression to regard all even nominally monarchical governments with suspicion. We must remember, too, that *our* spokesmen have not always been circumspect and prudent in their speech. Given a class in America hostile and suspicious of

* An address by Lady Henry Somerset at the great meeting for International Arbitration, Queen's Hall, London.

ourselves, is it not easily imaginable that the blatant and aggressive imperialist talk that is sometimes so rampant here is likely to rouse these classes in an active propaganda against us?

But these classes are by no means representative of America. The thinking and reflecting sections, the religious bodies, the intellectual, literary and scientific circles, the world of commerce and affairs, the vast mass of hardworking citizens in every walk of life—these, the great bulk of the nation, are quite innocent of resentment or hostility against ourselves.

We are met to urge both governments to institute some easily available machinery in which both peoples could honourably confide their interests, in whose decisions both nations would see the triumph of law.

This agitation against what is almost a civil war is one we must not let fade out; we must not see the good relations of England and America again imperiled. I remember being taught that the reason why the rigours of our latitude are so tempered to us, the explanation of our winters being so much less severe than those of any country situated so far north as we are, is that the great stream which flows upon our western shore brings with it a warm breath from the Gulf of Mexico; and I have sometimes thought that this gracious and kindly act of nature was only typical of that flood of warm brotherhood that flows so strongly from us English to our American sisters and brothers, that they return to us with such a wealth of reciprocity.

Let that land which can afford it best, whose floating fortresses of oak and steel can within a few days anchor in any harbour of the Christian world; that land whose mother-flag bears on its heart-warm folds the cross of Love Incarnate, reach her strong hand across the sea to the radiant daughter of her affection and her pride, and vow that these clasped hands (for never let it be forgotten that America in all her strength and greatness seeks this union) shall never more part company

> "Till the stars are old
> And the sun grows cold,
> And the leaves of the Judgment Book unfold."

It was a typical American, Frances Willard, whose name is more loved than perhaps that of any other woman in the United States, who said of our Union Jack:

> "Thou art the Mother Flag of Destiny;
> The Banner of the Spangled Stars is thine;
> Cromwell was sire of Washington, and we
> Claim the same Cross that blazons thy ensign—
> With its red for love and its white for law,
> And its blue for the hope that our father's saw
> Of a larger liberty."

—*Union Signal.*

OUGHT.

BY THE REV. JOHN D. DINNICK.

"Therefore we ought to give the more earnest heed to the things which we have heard, lest at any time we should let them slip."—Heb. ii. 1.

"Ought" is the strongest word in the English language used in Scripture to enforce the ethics of holiness. This word signifies moral obligation, that divine necessity is laid upon us to obey. The antithesis of "neglect" is "ought," that is, if it be sinful to be neglecting, then to be obedient to His will is well pleasing unto Him.

The Greek word (δει) *ought*, as used here, and in 1 Thess. iv. 1–4, has its strength, not only in its demands to duty, but in that it also suggests that God is well pleased with our act of obedience, and that it is seemly and grateful to *Him*, when we walk to please God. The Holy Ghost uses this word with this twofold power of appeal in this mighty exhortation. There is urgency in this exhortation; because there is danger in delay.

If I ought to obey, why ought I? Because the Holy Ghost says "I ought." Because the Son of God Himself, our King-Priest, who made the worlds, and upholds all things by the word of His power, speaks to us. Because He took upon Himself our nature, died for our sins, came forth in glorious resurrection, and proclaims liberty to captive souls, and offers free grace, abundant grace to all who believe. Therefore it behoves us to obey; because the *Lord*, which in the beginning was God, utters His will concerning us. It is *obligatory* upon us to do so. We ought to give heed to the word spoken in order to *appropriate* its truth. The word is one, its precepts are many. It contains commands from the Captain of our salvation to be obeyed. He demands intelligent attention, and

prompt obedience to heed His Word, to become depositories of its truth, so "that the Word of God dwell in us richly in all wisdom," that He may speak out of our lips and through our illumined lives. He asks for pure hearts "to see God," and surrendered hearts to "speak of the glory of His kingdom, and talk of His power." He commands, "Be ye holy, for I am holy." "Be ye therefore perfect even as your Father which is in heaven is perfect." "Be filled with the Spirit." And God's commands are God's *enablings.*

We know that everything in us is short of the perfect holiness of the Lord Jesus; yet we may, up to the very farthest limit of our consciousness in total self-surrender, present ourselves living sacrifices, holy, acceptable unto God. The Lord the Spirit also says: "That he that saith he abideth in Him, *ought* himself also so to walk even as He walked." That we *ought* to walk to please God." The truth enforced demands personal obedience which none other can do for us. Its application is, namely, "that I *ought* to have a clear, definite experience of personal cleansing from all unrighteousness; that I *ought* to be filled with the Spirit; that I *ought* to have His word abiding in me. The inference is therefore: what I ought to do, *I can do.* What He saith I ought to be, *I can be,* and if I do not do what I know I ought to do, then my neglect is *criminal.* The command to be holy is absolute. "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart," etc. It is wholeness of action that the Word spoken demands both in knowledge and service. "Obedience without knowledge is blind, and knowledge without obedience is lame."

But let us not forget that while the Holy Ghost is pressing us into such hallowed communion He is also at the same time warning us against the SIN of unbelief. This sin of unbelief is not that of the ignorant; but the sin of individuals who know the truth, who have seen its power in its results on transformed lives, have themselves been brought up in Christian homes, or sat under the preaching of the Christian ministry. The persons guilty of so heinous a sin, have either at one time been converted, and "did run well," or they know the way though they walk not in it.

This unbelief is the will's rejection of truth—the will's rejection of truth after knowing it to be the truth of God—the will's rejection of truth after having had the clearest evidence that it is truth. This shutting out the living God from purifying the heart is not an infirmity, not a weakness, but an act of wickedness. It is a SIN—the germ sin of which the Holy Ghost in this epistle seventeen times cautions the people of God, and lifts up the danger-signal, warning them as did Jehovah to His Church in the wilderness. There is no sin so secret, insinuating, seductive and dangerous as unbelief. It is unbelief which exclusively damns! He saith, "Take heed, brethren, lest there be in any of you an evil heart of unbelief, in departing from the living God. But exhort one another daily, while it is called TO-DAY; lest any of you be hardened through the deceitfulness of sin." The Holy Spirit was grieved then, and is grieved now; because His voice is unheeded, His WORD is neglected, His great salvation slighted, and His illuminating power rejected.

Redemption has procured for us rest from inborn SIN, and sinning. The Lord Jesus calls this *state* "His rest," and longs to lead us into it. He declares that the will of God is our sanctification; and waits to bestow upon us all the benefits of sonship. He seeks to perfect in us divine conformity to His will, and declares His purpose that His servants should be "*full of the Holy Ghost.*"

Many in His Church in the wilderness died because they would not enter into His rest; and to those in His Church to-day, who do not enter into it, the questions are asked: "With whom was He grieved? Was it not with them that had sinned? To whom sware He that they should not enter into His rest; but to them that believed not? So we see that they could not enter in because of unbelief," or because they would not be persuaded. "Let us therefore fear, lest, a promise being left us of entering into His rest, any of you should seem to come short of it. For unto us is this gospel preached as well as unto them; but the WORD preached did not profit them, not being mixed with faith in them that heard it. For we which have believed do enter into rest. Let us labour, therefore, to enter into HIS REST, lest any man fall after the same example of unbelief."

The personal points of the exhortation are—"That I *ought* to enter into His rest." "That I *ought* not to resist His will." "That *I ought* to be filled with the Holy Ghost," and thus have a life filled with holy activities.

The magnitude of the Salvation of Jehovah shows the aggravated nature of the offence of those who are guilty of despising it in their neglect.

THE AUTOCRAT OF THE BREAKFAST TABLE.*

One of the most interesting personalities of the trimount city in the eighties and early in the nineties, was the short sturdy figure of the genial Autocrat of the Breakfast Table. His was indeed "the good gray head that all men knew," and his the kindly heart that all men loved. Like his own Last Leaf, he lingered on when all his contemporaries had passed away.

It is a very noble tribute which is paid to the memory of Oliver Wendell Holmes in these goodly volumes. These specimens of elegant book-making and illustration would have delighted the heart of the dear old bibliophile. The books fairly sparkle with wit and humour, as how could it help with such a subject as Dr. Holmes.

Dr. Holmes spent nearly the whole of his long life in the city of Boston. Perhaps he thought he could find in the world no better place. He belonged to its "Brahmin caste"—a phrase invented by himself. The son of a clergyman who taught the old-fashioned Calvinism, he was brought up in an atmosphere of letters. To use his own words, "He bumped about among books from the time he was hardly taller than one of his father's folios." To judge from the portrait here given, his father in his gown and bands was singularly handsome, with flowing curls like young Milton's. These features the son did not inherit. His rather perky face, his long hair like a Russian mujik's, his preposterous "sideboard" collar, give him a very quaint, old-fashioned look. His portrait is not unlike that of Tom Hood, and the resemblance is heightened by the merry twinkle of his eye.

In the same year (1809) was born his great contemporaries Gladstone, Tennyson, Darwin and Lincoln. Young Holmes must have been a well-behaved boy, for in a time when the rod was never spared he passed through school with only one chastisement. He might have been a minister like his father, he said, if a certain clergyman had not looked and talked so like an undertaker. His mind revolted, moreover, from the austere Calvinism of his father's creed and of the Westminster Catechism. While not an orthodox believer, he was a man of spiritual instincts, and some of his hymns are sung with profit by devout believers. In speaking of one of his best poems he says, "I did not write it, but it was written through me. I can only refer it to that 'inspiration of the Almighty which giveth understanding.'"

In illustration of the changed sentiments of the times, we notice that when his father was sent to college his pious grandmother equipped him with a "Dutch liquor-case containing six large bottles filled with various kinds of strong waters, enough to craze a whole class of young Bacchanalians."

Young Holmes first began the study of law, then turned to medicine, although the dreadful scenes of the operating table—this was before the days of ether—almost made him faint. He went abroad in his early manhood for study in Paris and travel in Europe for two years. We do not find that he indulged in "sowing his wild oats"—the favorite agriculture of most students of the times. He kept in touch with the dear old New England parsonage by long and frequent letters. He was no ascetic, however, then nor later. He could not get along, he wrote home, on less than six or seven thousand francs a year—twelve or fourteen hundred dollars. Many students have to do it on quarter the money. But he adds in a patronizing way, "I am here for your good as well as my own; if I think best to go to Italy or London, let me go." But the family were well to do, and generously supplied his wants.

He never risked a franc in play, which was almost universal at the time, and besides the skeleton which he brought home in a box he brought no other. It seems almost like the navigation of the times of Noah to read that he was forty-three days on the home voyage. It was a journey of three days and three nights from Paris to Strassburg. You can do it know in ten hours or less. He did Switzerland and Italy chiefly on foot. In St. Paul's Cathedral he took a "twopence worth of the magnificence of the architecture." In Paris he worked hard, having a hundred patients under his eye, and often devoting nearly two hours to the study of a difficult case.

His addiction to literature interfered with his success in medicine. The wise

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* *Life and Letters of Oliver Wendell Holmes.* By JOHN T. MORSE, JR. In two volumes. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Toronto: William Briggs. Portraits and gilt top. Price, $4.00.

old world had made up its mind that he who writes rhymes must not write prescriptions, and he had actually published a volume of poetry. In 1887 he found his vocation in the appointment to a Professor's chair, or rather to a whole settee—he fulfilled so many functions. For five and thirty years he lectured with enthusiasm to successive generations of students who all succumbed to the spell of his genius. As is well known, he was a small man. In walking between two burly Professors he said he felt like a three cent bit among a lot of penny pieces. He carried his tender heart into his profession, and uttered his *Laus Deo* that he assisted at no scientific cruelties.

Like most of the brainy men of New England, Holmes took his turn at the lecture platform, although he greatly disliked it. "The world was a million roosts for a man, but only one nest." He found at last his literary vocation in the launching of the *Atlantic Monthly*. He did not like reviewing from a feeling which interfered also with his professional practice—an antipathy to cut up people. The genial and sparkling wit of his Autocrat Series established his reputation as the first humorist in America, but he was much more than this. Some of his serious poems are "Booked for Immortality," as his exquisite "Chambered Nautilus," than which few nobler poems have ever been written. Yet he preferred even to this a professional essay which led to reforms of treatment, saving many lives.

His biography gives a graphic picture of the Saturday Club, chiefly contributors to the *Atlantic Monthly*, of whom exquisite group portraits are given. Motley, Lowell, Longfellow, Hawthorne, Sumner and Agassiz have ideal heads; Whittier looks like an old-fashioned Methodist preacher; and Holmes, as we have said, like a Russian mujik.

The reaction of Dr. Holmes from the Calvinism of his youth, and his scientific views on the influence of heredity and environment, led to some aggressive attacks on the creed from which his conscience revolted; but the justice of many of his opinions is now fully admitted. Writing to an old friend he says, "We must soon cast anchor if we have one, and mine is Trust in God."

Nevertheless Holmes was not a prophet, a forthteller of great truths. He had not, like Whittier, a burning message in his soul which he must speak, whether men will hear or whether they will forbear—a message which was as a fire in his bones, and which he must utter or die. He did not, like Phillipps, Garrison, Lowell and Longfellow, throw himself into the great anti-slavery crusade, nor into the temperance reform or labour question, those burning issues of the times. He was rather the philosophic recluse who looked from his loop-holes of retreat at the struggles of men in which, though he may have sympathized, did not share.

Yet he was not indifferent to moral issues. He found in himself a growing hatred and disgust for war, and it is on record that rather than rent property for a shop in which rum would be sold, he accepted a little more than half the sum for a temperance grocery. If Holmes had been brought in contact with a vigorous, joyous beneficent type of Methodism instead of the austere Calvinism of his youth, he would probably have shown more sympathy with religion, and, it may be, have developed a more heroic type of character.

THE PRAYER OF ENDLESS LOVE.

BY T. A. PATTERSON.

To Thee I look, O Lord, and say,
Love is not love save it make strong
The soul, to meet stern duties (which so long
Thy love hath done). Dear Lord, my way
Betimes seems dark; and yet I know
Thy love Thou thus at times dost shew.
Men sometimes fail, but never Thou
Who wagest battle firm 'gainst wrong
Which dwells. "How long, O Lord, how long"
Will joy be held? Wilt answer now?
Or strength impart, that power I gain
To banish hope if it be vain
To say "Thy will" whate'er that be
Had I Thee loved more perfectly,
Rest then were found, and not one pain.

Victoria University.

MISS EVA BOOTH.

MISS EVA BOOTH.

One of the services which the Salvation Army has rendered the Christian Church is the reaffirming the right of consecrated womanhood, if qualified by God, to religious leadership. This was one of the innovations introduced by John Wesley, and largely practised by the Primitive Methodists and Bible Christians, but it had largely fallen into disuse.

Catharine Booth, the Mother of the Salvation Army—a true St. Catharine of England, worthy to be ranked with those holy women and religious leaders, Catharine of Alexandria and Catharine of Siena—became the most conspicuous figure in this great modern movement. In the gift and grace of successful leadership she has been conspicuously followed by her daughters, Mrs. Booth-Tucker, Mrs. Booth-Clibborn, the Marechale of France, and Miss Eva Booth, recently appointed Commissioner in Canada.

Through the courtesy of Major Read we are kindly permitted the use of the accompanying portrait of the new Commissioner.

Miss Eva Booth, the late *pro tem.* Commander of the United States forces of the Salvation Army, and now at the head of the Canadian Army, is the General's fourth daughter. She was converted at the age of six years, and from her early days her whole strength and energy has been spent in some form of work or other for the salvation of the world.

When quite a little girl she used to go out selling *War Crys* on the streets with the women cadets in the first Training Home, and before she was twenty she was able to render great service in that institution in dealing with the hearts and souls of women who afterwards became officers in the Salvation Army.

A tremendous storm burst upon the Salvation Army in London in 1885, in connection with the terrible *Pall Mall Gazette* revelations of social vice in the metropolis. Public feeling ran very high against the Army, and Salvationists were attacked with great violence by mobs.

At this juncture, Miss Eva Booth was appointed to the command as captain. Every other house on the street where the Army corps lived was a house of iniquity of some form, but before a fortnight she had been in every house, visiting the people and dealing with them about salvation.

One of her first announcements was that she was to be her own policeman. This was a bold step, but within a few weeks she had won the respect, and indeed the affection, of the whole crowd of toughs. A few months after, when she lay dangerously ill, one of these men pawned his vest in order to buy some hot-house grapes for her.

If any of these lads got into the hands of the police, she would visit them in the lock-ups or prisons, and make them feel that they belonged to her as much as she belonged to them. There is no man or woman who could be too filthy, too degraded, too depraved, too vicious, or too desperate, to feel the hand of Commissioner Eva Booth on his or her shoulder, or to look into her dark, lustrous, sympathetic eyes and feel that divine compassion speaks through them.

The next important public conflict was at Torquay, a health resort in the south of England. The Municipal Council deprived, by a special by-law, the Salvation Army of its right to parade the streets on Sunday with a brass band—a right which had been established by a decision of Lord Chief Justice Coleridge, in the Court of Queen's Bench. Officers and soldiers were arrested and cast into prison. Eva Booth took her place in the parades, when these were attacked by both mobs and police. She had the matter taken

up by Parliament, and secured the repeal of the un-British "by-law."

At Eastbourne, persecution was repeated on a bigger and more bitter scale. Miss Booth was in the fiercest of the riots, and came through it unharmed, in spite of the fact that a reward was offered to any man who would knock her down or who could capture her bonnet.

She came to New York on her melancholy mission of mercy and love, in connection with the secession of her brother, Mr. Ballington Booth. She appeared before audiences containing a large hostile element; but some of the very people who hissed her at the beginning were cheering her before she had finished.

We bespeak the hearty sympathy of the Canadian public, and especially of Canadian Methodists, with this new ally in the holy war against all iniquity, in a grand crusade for the establishment of the Redeemer's kingdom, for uplifting the fallen, and for saving the lost, and caring for those who are ready to perish.

A ROMANCE OF QUEBEC.*

We desire in this MAGAZINE AND REVIEW to give special prominence to books by Canadian writers on Canadian subjects. We have, therefore, read with care Mr. Gilbert Parker's "Romance of Quebec," which has already had the honour of very large serial circulation in both the United States and Great Britain. The story finds its setting amid the most dramatic events in the history of the new world—the final conflict between France and England for the possession of a continent. The stirring incidents of that great drama are brought vividly before us. The exhaustion and internal strife of New France, the fraud and corruption of Bigot and his fellow cormorants are strongly set forth. The toils of fate coil closer and closer around the doomed fortress of Quebec. The shadows of the coming tragedy gather darker and darker, till at last upon the Plains of Abraham the last scene in the drama is enacted, the interplot receives its *dénouement*, and the stern retributions of poetic justice are meted out.

The hero, Captain Moray, a British officer in command in Ohio, has become possessed of important State secrets concerning Madame la Pompadour, that malign influence of the Court of Louis XIV. He is captured, and refusing to surrender these documents, is kept for six years a prisoner at Quebec. He has many adventures, is brought out to be shot and reprieved at the last moment, escapes from his dungeon but is recaptured, wins the heart and hand of one of the fairest daughters of New France, again escapes and returns with Wolfe to rescue his bride from the power of his rival and from the convent to which she had been consigned by stern Mother Church.

Many of the characters are very clearly and strongly limned: Captain Moray, the high-souled hero; his keen, clever, unscrupulous rival, Doltaire; the devoted Alixe Duvarney, who was unfalteringly faithful to her lover during all the years of his imprisonment and suffering; the sturdy French soldier, Gabord, Moray's gaoler, yet kind friend; and the noble souled Wolfe, the conqueror of Quebec. One cannot fail to have a clearer insight into the condition of New France and of the events which led to its fall by reading Gilbert Parker's story.

Perhaps, in keeping with the character of the blunt soldier, who tells the plain unvarnished tale, the narration strikes us as somewhat bald and unadorned. It is like a winter landscape of Quebec, clear cut, hard as crystal, with sharp high lines and deep shadows. Captain Moray is represented as really precipitating the conflict between France and England, which spread from the Plains of Plassey to the Plains of Abraham, and as being the instrument of its conclusion by revealing to Wolfe the secret pathway up the cliff at L'Anse du Foulon. There is, too, an air of improbability in his many personal adventures in making his escape. It reminds us of Captain Bobadil and his score of men at arms, who challenged and defeated an army without receiving a scratch. Clever as this book is, it is not the equal, in our judgment, of Mr. Wm. Kirby's great work on the same subject, "The Chien d'Or," which, on ampler canvas and with deeper poetic feeling, presents vivid pictures of the same period crowded with clearly limned portraits of half a hundred of the actors of the great drama of the time. Mr. Parker's book has many striking engravings of Old Quebec.

* "The Seats of the Mighty. Being the Memoirs of Captain John Moray, sometime an Officer in the Virginia Regiment, and afterwards of Amherst's Regiment." By GILBERT PARKER. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Company, Limited. Price, cloth, $1.50; paper, 75c.

The World's Progress.

The most conspicuous though not the most important event of the month has been the coronation of the Czar and Czarina of all the Russias, in the ancient capital of Moscow. The coronation fêtes were conducted on a scale of Oriental splendour, recalling the barbaric pomp of the state pageants of Belshazzar and Nabonassar on the Plain of Dura. Unfriendly critics have drawn a contrast between the lavish expenditure of twenty millions on this state function with the abject poverty of the great mass of the Russian peasants, and the harsh oppression of the Jews, the Stundists, the political exiles of Siberia, and the more than decimated Armenians, whose slaughter a word from the Czar—a word which to his shame was not spoken—might have prevented.

A shadow of ineffaceable sadness marred the splendour of this pageant—the crushing to death of two thousand* of the peasants, chiefly women and children, in the scramble for the largess of free food and memorial cups. The Czar, of course, is not to blame for this, and he exhibited intense sympathy with the sufferers, although it jars upon our feelings to note that a State ball was given on the evening of the tragedy on the Plain of Hodynsky.

This frightful loss of life, with that caused by the cyclone at St. Louis, and the bridge disaster at Victoria, together with the prevailing rumours of war and unrest of the times, strike some persons as among the signs which shall presage the coming of the Son of Man. But greater woes than these have over and over again befallen mankind. A hundred years ago nearly as many persons as were killed at Moscow were crushed in a national fête of the French Republic in the Place de la Concorde at Paris. The great earthquakes of Lisbon in 1755, when 60,000 persons were killed in six minutes; of Calabria in 1783, when 100,000 were destroyed; of Antioch in 526, when 25,000 persons perished; and the great wars which have devastated the world, seemed much more like the "woes" of the Apocalypse which shall presage the end of time. The whole world now is a great sensorium, and at our breakfast table we discuss the happenings of the previous day in China or Peru, at Cairo or Bokhara.

The astute President Krüger has blended clemency with policy and forestalled the condemnation of the civilized world by commuting the sentences of death, or of a practical equivalent imprisonment, from the raiders of Krugersdorf.

The unhappy struggle in Cuba still drags on its cruel course. Ruin stares in the faces of both Spain and her revolted province. The truculent spirit and speeches of the United States Senate have rendered it more difficult for President Cleveland to exert his friendly offices as intermediary between the two parties. The commerce of the United States and the sugar refineries and tobacco interest, are suffering severely from the interruption of trade.

We must, however, be just to Spain. The Spanish Consul in Toronto affirms that Cubans, from their number in the Spanish Cortes, have a larger share in the government of their country than Great Britain ever granted to any of her crown colonies. In the colleges, universities, banks and institutions of Cuba, the natives have a greatly preponderant influence.

The Elections.

As we go to press the country is in a turmoil of excitement over one of the most keenly contested general elections ever held in the Dominion. Unhappily, the mandement of the Roman Catholic bishops has thrust into prominence a religious question which obscures other no less important interests. We regard the great question of the prohibition of the liquor traffic as one transcending in importance either the menaced "coercion" of Manitoba, or the fiscal policy of the Dominion. This nefarious traffic causes every year the destruction, in direst and most dreadful ways, of thrice the number whose tragic death at the Moscow fête aroused the shuddering horror of the

* Later reports make it nearly four thousand.

world. The financial loss and moral wreck and waste which it entails are a matter of more vital import than the duty on pig iron or wrought nails. Yet this great reform has been thrust comparatively into the background by the clamour about the bishops' mandement.

Party politics have no place in this organ. A general election, with all its evils and excitement and "roorbacks" in every constitutional country—in England, the United States, in Canada, in France, Italy, even in bureaucratic Germany and priest-ridden Spain, is a means of popular education. Great questions of trade, of commerce, of polity, of morals, are discussed in every hamlet and in every home. The village Hampdens, the rural voter, and the hardy son of toil, realize their share in the government of the country, and discuss, possibly with not less wisdom than the politicians and stump orators, the affairs of state. We would not be willing to exchange even the violence of a contested election for the apathy of the Russian peasant and the suppression and oppression of the subject races of Turkey. Changes that other nations gain only by plots, conspiracies and revolutions, we secure by the silent fall, soft as snowflakes, of the freeman's ballot.

The Conferences.

Meanwhile the Kingdom of God cometh not with observation but with power and grace ; not with blare of bugles or roll of drums ; not in the earthquake or in the tempest, but in the still small voice speaking to the individual soul. God is building up His spiritual temple with the living stones shaped and fashioned by the discipline of life—that great and goodly structure whose foundations rest indeed amid the shadows of time, and whose lofty battlements and glorious pinnacles shall shine in the fadeless light of eternity.

The gatherings of our Annual Conferences, and of the Synods and Assemblies of our sister churches, give an opportunity for taking stock of the religious progress of our country, and of perfecting the great moral agencies which mould the times. If the preachers do not meet, as the schoolboy suggested, "to swap sermons," they meet to exchange opinions, to review a year of toil, to renew sacred fellowships, to blend the conquests of the future, to lay a wreath and shed a tear over the graves of their fallen comrades, to enlist new recruits and send forth the new conscripts for the conquest of the world for King Emmanuel.

Notwithstanding the stringency of the times, we believe substantial increase and growth is reported in the material and spiritual interests of our beloved church. It often happens that, as the evanescence and vanity of things earthly is felt, the permanence and importance of things unseen and eternal is realized as never before.

Victoria University.

The record of the year, which gives evidence of such steady progress, must be very gratifying to the friends of this institution. The attendance of students is the largest ever reported, being 253, divided as follows : Arts, 227 ; theology, 128 ; less registered in both faculties, 102 ; net total, 253. It is very gratifying that so many of the candidates for our ministry are taking the full arts course in addition to the prescribed theological lectures. These figures make the Theological Department of Victoria University one of the largest on the continent. The following facts from the Chancellor's report are full of encouragement :

The students of Victoria have secured very creditable results in the examinations of the year, obtaining their full share of the honours, scholarships, and other prizes of the University. The largest prize in the gift of the University, the Exhibition Scholarship of $750 a year for two years after graduation, to be used in study in Europe, has been won this year by a Victoria man, Mr. A. M. Scott.

A special feature of the work of the year has been increased attention to the subjects of the curriculum which give a Christian character to higher education. This important matter is attracting the attention of the most thoughtful Christian men, and the question is anxiously asked, How shall we make our education truly Christian while yet unsectarian? The provisions of the Federation Act secure the following elements of religious knowledge as a part of the curriculum in arts : The evidences of natural and revealed religion, Biblical literature, church history, the Greek Testament and Christian ethics. The department of Biblical literature includes the English Bible, Biblical history and introduction. The work is placed in the third and fourth years of the course. Of the sixty-eight Victoria students enrolled in these years, sixty are taking these subjects as part of their curriculum.

The report of the faculty of theology

shows a remarkable advance in the educational status of the rising ministry. Of twenty-five students of Victoria this year presented for ordination, no less than nineteen are graduates in arts, three being also graduates in divinity. This is a result probably not surpassed in the religious and educational history of the continent.

Total first class departmental honours of Toronto University were 42, of these Victoria won 12. Total scholarships, 17, of these Victoria gained 4, a very creditable showing indeed. Receipts from fees, 1893-4, $3,341 ; 1894-5, $4,003 ; 1895-6, $4,884. This is a very good indication of our steady advance.

The magnificent buildings, the fine equipment, the large and able staff of Victoria and Toronto Universities, which is at the service of all our students, and their annually increasing attendance and high standing at the examinations, are demonstrations of the success of federation. The endowment of $400,000 has not yet been reached, and the income as yet fails to meet the expenditure. An earnest effort must be made to bring up this endowment and to increase the annual income. There is no better appropriation of the funds of the church, not even that for missions, than that which increases the efficiency of the Methodist ministry and teaches the future teachers of our land.

Growth of Our Periodicals.

Our Sunday-school periodicals have steadily grown in favour from year to year, and have, to a very large degree, displaced the foreign publications which at one time had considerable patronage in our schools. *Onward* reported on March 31st an increase of nearly one thousand. Increase from schools opening since March 31st has been more marked than ever before, and the presses have been running day and night to print extra editions of our papers required to meet this demand.

Notwithstanding the greatly increased competition of cheap American magazines, our own Magazine and Review, now in its forty-fourth volume, by far the oldest in the country, reports a very substantial increase. This has been still more marked since the close of the books on the 31st March. We trust that through the kind co-operation of the ministers and our lay friends it will have a still larger increase. Without sacrificing its character as a family magazine of instructive and religiously edifying reading, it will aim also to be the expression of the higher thought of the Church on the many important subjects which engage public attention.

The departments of Current Thought, the World's Progress, Recent Science, Book Reviews and the like, will keep the reader abreast of the great movements of the age. The endeavour will be made to combine strength of treatment with lightness of touch and interesting popular style. It will not be merely a magazine for preachers but for the households of Methodism. We ask for the reasonable increase of a thousand subscribers, and promise a still further improvement.

A Pledge of Peace.

The General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church of the United States, says the *Christian Herald*, has placed the highest office in its gift in the hands of Rev. John L. Withrow, D.D., pastor of the Third Church of Chicago. By a vote of 315 the Assembly elected him Moderator on its first ballot. The election gives general satisfaction, for Dr. Withrow had the support of the Liberals in the Assembly, while his conservatism is so thoroughly known and recognized as to secure the confidence of the Conservatives. He is essentially a working pastor, with a profound conviction that the spirit and teaching of Christ are the greatest needs of our time, and that the Gospel is now as in every age the true remedy for the world's ills. In Philadelphia, in Indianapolis, in Boston, and now in Chicago, Dr. Withrow has carried on an aggressive work, standing for sound doctrine and for the practical application of it to daily life. During the eight years he has been in Chicago, over sixteen hundred persons have been added to the church, and though it contains few wealthy persons, it has raised over three hundred thousand dollars. The church with its six Christian Endeavour Societies, its associations and clubs for the benefit of the people around it, is a centre of Christian helpfulness that is of inestimable value. Dr. Withrow's election to the Moderator's chair may therefore be taken as an evidence that the Assembly is looking rather to aggressive work in the world than to a continuance of the internal warfare which of late years has occupied its attention. His first utterance since his election confirms this opinion. It was a plea for peace in the church. The spirit of love, he said, had always proved itself more potent than the spirit of violence. Con-

troversy hindered the progress of the church, as it always must.

The Cretan Insurrection.

Nobody seems to know exactly the cause of the recent revolt against Turkish authority in Crete. It is surmised that it may have been the substitution of a Turkish Pasha for the Christian Governor. But there has been chronic discontent in Crete, as there is in every province of the Turkish Empire. In 1821, in 1830, in 1858, in 1866, there have been armed revolts. A massacre of Christians in Crete like that in Armenia would unite all Europe against Turkey.

CRETE.

We hope that this revolt will succeed, and that Crete will be restored to Greece, to which for two thousand years it belonged. It is one of the most fertile islands in the Ægean, 160 miles long, with an average of 20 miles wide. According to the Statesman's Year Book it has a population of 294,000, two-thirds of whom are Christians, and less than one-third Moslems. Yet, through the misgovernment of Turkey, not one-third of the land is so populous in the early times that Homer speaks of it as the island of a hundred cities—Hekatompolis—is cultivated. Trade and commerce are smitten with paralysis. Crete has been the scene of a fierce and frequent conflict between the Christians and the Turks. In the siege of the town of Candia, in the seventeenth century, 30,000 of the former and 70,000 of the latter were killed, and in subsequent revolts many thousands more. The island has good harbours. Lofty Mount Ida, beloved of the poets and the gods, rises to a height of 8,000 feet, and is crowned with snow three-fourths of the year.

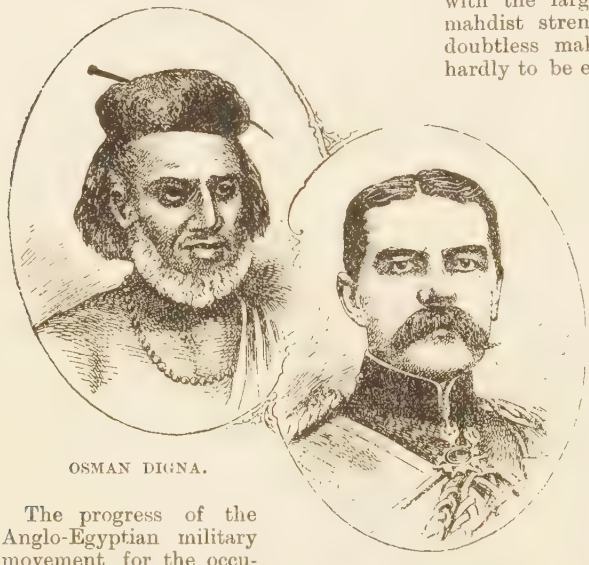
Affairs in the Transvaal.

An American resident in the Transvaal writes as follows to the *Indpendeent:* "The Transvaal's title of Republic commands more sympathy from people in the United States than it deserves; for it is only a title, a label. There is no reality behind it. If a republic is a government for the people and by the people, then the Transvaal is not a republic—it is an oligarchy. As an intelligent Swiss missionary said recently: 'President Krüger is more of a monarch than the Queen of England.' England is far more of a republic than the Transvaal. There, public opinion makes itself felt instantly in politics; here, the will of the majority of the population is entirely ignored. It may seem hard to outsiders that the Boers are in danger of losing the control of the country they count their own. But is it their own? They are a nation of robbers. They have taken this land from the natives by force, fraud and cruelty; never by honest sale. They are unfit to rule either natives or English;

the former because they are unjust and brutal, the latter because they are unprogressive and incompetent.

"In consideration of these facts it would seem that every lover of God and humanity must wish to see the Boer element go out of power."—*Independent.*

THE WAR ON THE NILE.



OSMAN DIGNA. SIR H. H. KITCHENER.

The progress of the Anglo-Egyptian military movement for the occupation of advanced positions on the Upper Nile, and with a view to the ultimate recovery of Berber and Khartoum, is proceeding with steady rapidity. The railway from Sarras, passing by the Second Cataract, is being laid at the rate of one mile daily. Permanent garrisons have been placed in fortified positions at Sarras and other stations to the front. A camel corps is at Wady Halfa, and will be of great service in scouting over the Nubian desert.

These arrangements on the banks of the Nile, under the supervision of General Sir H. H. Kitchener, the Sirdar or Commander-in-Chief of the Khedive's army, have been connected with the recent active movements of the garrisons at Suakim and Tokar, by which Osman Digna's section of the mahdist or dervish forces has been driven back from the coast region of the Red Sea, and is likely soon to be altogether expelled from the Eastern Soudan. It is announced at Simla, the headquarters of the British Indian Government, that that portion of the East Africa littoral temporarily is to be put under the military protection of the government, in order that the Egyptian troops may be removed to Wady Halfa, to join in the advance towards Dongola. A force of the Indian native army has sailed for the Red Sea, and will co-operate with the Anglo-Egyptian troops in their operations against the dervishes.

Osman Digna has already displayed striking qualities as a military leader, and with the large numerical dervish and mahdist strength at his command, will doubtless make a strong stand. It is hardly to be expected, however, that he will be able to oppose an effective advance of the Anglo-Egyptian forces.

Osman Digna has had a strangely eventful career. He has been repeatedly reported as dead, but has unfailingly come to the front in every recent period of military activity among the dervishes and mahdists. His father was a Turkish slave-trader, and his mother an Arab of the Hadendowa tribe. With his brother, Ahmed, he carried on the business of a slave-trader for many years, with his headquarters at Suakim, and branches at Khartoum, Berber, Kassala, el-Obeid, and in the Equatorial Province. His trade was broken up by the British in 1883, and a number of his slave dhows, or boats, captured in the Red Sea and destroyed. Osman was eager for vengeance, and offered to raise a force in the Eastern Soudan, and the Mahdi conferred on him the title of Emir.

The Khalifa, who is the leader of the desert tribesmen, has an army of not less than 140,000 men, of whom 40,000 are riflemen, 60,000 spearmen, and 6,000 cavalry. All his arms are greatly inferior to those of the Anglo-Egyptian troops, less than half of his rifles being in good condition. Should the "jehad," or "holy war," be proclaimed by the Khalifa, the result would be to summon the entire fighting strength of the Soudan, and thus greatly augment the forces the Anglo-Egyptian army would have to face in the field.—*Christian Herald.*

CLERICAL AMENITIES

We exceedingly regret to note the narrow and illiberal spirit with which the

Anglican Synod of Toronto treated the courteous proposition of Principal Sheraton, that the Synod send Christian greetings to the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church, and bid it Godspeed in its work. The Rev. Dr. Langtry, who poses as the special friend of Christian union, protested against this courtesy. He held the theory that there was but one true Church, and that he could not conscientiously send greetings to those who had seceded from her and bid them Godspeed in their error. This ecclesiastical assumption and intolerance and bigotry can only injure those who share it. We believe that a large proportion of the Synod sympathized with Principal Sheraton's proposal, and regretted its withdrawal. There was considerable point in the Hon. S. H. Blake's subsequent dry suggestion, that the Committee on Systematic and Proportionate Giving be instructed "to confer with our Methodist and Presbyterian brethren as to their methods in this matter, as they have made a so much greater success of it than we have"

The Prohibition Decision.

Our excellent contemporary *The Week* states that the practical result of the decision of the Privy Council on this question is that the question of prohibiting the liquor traffic is transferred from the Provincial to the Dominion arena. This transfer means that Prohibition will never be secured in Canada. The French Canadians are too sensible to allow it to pass.

We think *The Week* is very much mistaken. If this were a mere question of intelligence or good sense, we think that the proportion of illiteracy in the other Provinces of the Dominion is much higher than among the habitants of Quebec, where a much less proportion of the people can read or write. But this is more than a question of inte'ligence—it is a question of moral and religious conviction; and our French fellow-citizens take a very high rank in this respect. Under the Scott Act we believe that local prohibition was much more prevalent in Quebec than in any other province. The French parish clergy lent it their powerful aid, and many counties were under rigid prohibition. The great seaports of Montreal and Quebec do not reflect the sentiment of the rural habitant. Many of the foremost Prohibition leaders are among the Roman Catholic priests. They are the allies, and not the enemies, of the Protestant Churches in this great moral reform, as they are also in the crusade against infidelity, lax divorce laws and social immorality.

A Militant Priest.

In the almost universal chorus throughout English-speaking lands in praise of peace and arbitration, it is painful to hear from a distinguished prelate of the Roman Catholic Church a discordant note. Archbishop Ireland, of St. Paul, disparages the movement to substitute arbitration for war, by maintaining that war is "the great instigator of patriotism. If we come to a stage where everything that is in dispute is to be peaceably settled," he says, "we will lose interest in the affairs of our country in its relations with other governments." This sentiment was received at the banquet, "with a storm of applause."

It is sad to see a professed follower of the Prince of Peace preaching a doctrine so opposed to the teaching of Jesus, "Blessed are the peacemakers, for they shall be called the children of God." We are glad to see such an influential secular paper as *Harper's Weekly* rebuking this warlike priest. It affirms that "it is the carnal man and not the consecrated prelate who speaks; that it is the Most Reverend Sir Lucius O'Trigger who pathetically beseeches his followers not to 'spoil the quarrel.'"

The Rev. Dr. J. S. Ross, of Brantford, has an admirable letter in the *Guardian* on the General Conference at Cleveland—the best letter on the subject that we have seen. From this we quote the following just observation: "That a people democratic in civil government should prefer a system of semi-autocratic ecclesiasticism, and that the people of our country under a semi-monarchical form of civil government should possess the most democratic form of Methodism in the world, is certainly a very interesting study in psychology."

It is a curious coincidence that both the new bishops of the M. E. Church, Bishops McCabe and Cranston, were both born in Athens, Ohio, attended the same University, and served in the Northern army during the Civil War. The editor of the *Western Christian Advocate* is also an Athens boy. Dr. Morris from the M. E. Church South, also served in the army of the North. So strikingly are the lines of divergence between the North and South being obliterated by the hand of Time.

BIBLE EXPLORATION

Before he compelled the mound to yield up its great secret, Dr. Bliss was rewarded with many "finds." He unearthed many jars, and all sorts of implements, a wine-press, heaps of burnt barley, idols, etc. He also laid bare a hot-blast furnace, containing iron ore and slag. It thus seems that, 1400 or 1500 years before Christ, the Amorites knew how to use the hot airblast instead of cold air; and that they anticipated the modern improvement in iron manufacture due to Nelson, and patented in 1828! At the bottom of the Tell, Dr. Bliss laid bare what he believed to be the foundations of the old Amorite city. Its mud-brick walls were thirteen feet thick and twenty-eight high.

On May 14th, 1892, he found, in a great ash-bed, a coffee-coloured stone with wedge-shaped inscriptions on both sides. This discovery marks a new epoch in the history of exploration in Bible lands. This tablet contains letters from the governors of Lachish to the Pharaohs of Egypt, and there is no doubt about the exact date. In 1887 a peasant woman had discovered similar tablets at Tell-el-Amarna in Egypt, about one hundred and eighty miles south of Cairo. These tablets contained one hundred and seventy letters from Palestine, and the names of kings who were contemporary with Joshua, and they confirm the historical accuracy of the book of Joshua. Some of the letters in the Tell-el-Amarna tablets are from Lachish, and, both in style and contents, they agree with the tablet discovered by Dr. Bliss. The two sides of the tally have thus been brought together, and the veracity and date of both have been established.

This double discovery created a great sensation among the learned, and the story of it claims a foremost place in the romance of exploration. The Lachish tablet is the first written record of pre-Israelite times that has yet been found on the soil of Palestine. The Lachish letters are in entire harmony with the measureless egotism and vanity which are revealed, by picture, sculpture, hieroglyph, upon miles of the surviving Egyptian monuments. They show that Pharaoh demanded even from his chief rulers the most abject and preposterous flattery. Zimridi, the governor of Lachish, thus addressed his overlord of Egypt:

"To the king, my lord, my god, my sun-god, the sun-god who is from heaven, thus writes Zimridi, the governor of the city of Lachish, thy servant, the dust of thy feet, at the feet of the king, my lord, the sun-god from heaven, bows himself seven times seven. I have very diligently listened to the words of the messenger whom the king my lord, has sent to me," etc.

Many passages in these letters read like extracts from the book of Genesis.

The Moabite stone is said to date from 890 to 900 B.C., and authentic history on the monuments, especially on the monuments of Egypt, does not go much farther back; but a scarab or seal of Amenhotep III. fixes the date of the Lachish tablets as not later than 1400 B.C. The writing is perfect in its kind, and very beautiful. It reveals a high degree of literary culture. A specimen of it is given in the quarterly statement of the Palestine Exploration Fund for January, 1893. These tablets have upset some theories in biblical criticism. In solving antiquarian and biblical problems, the spade has often proved mightier than the pen. Some critics of the school of Wellhausen used to maintain that the books of Moses could not have been written at the dates assigned, as writing was not known in Palestine till the eighth or ninth century before Christ. It is not now possible to hold such a theory, as it has been demonstrated that the Israelites, both in Egypt and Canaan, were surrounded by literary nations, who had carried the art of writing to a surprising perfection. It cannot now be held that the early records of the Old Testament must have been derived from mere tradition. — *Sunday Magazine.*

"BLESSED ARE THEY."

The childlike faith that asks not sight,
Waits not for wonder or for sign,
Believes, because it loves aright,
Shall see things greater, things divine.

Heaven to that gaze shall open wide,
And brightest angels to and fro
On messages of love shall glide
'Twixt God and Christ's below.

Recent Science.

Artificial Flight.

Artificial flight, corresponding very closely to the soaring of birds, has been at last successfully accomplished, and this, not merely for a short spurt down a hillside or along the level, but for a distance of half a mile, during a part of which distance the machine was actually soaring upward against the pull of gravitation.

Prof. Alexander Bell describes the successful experiments as follows:

"The aerodrome, or 'flying machine,' in question was of steel, driven by a steam engine. It resembled an enormous bird, soaring in the air with extreme regularity in large curves, sweeping steadily upward in a spiral path, the spirals with a diameter of perhaps 100 yards, until it reached a height of about 100 feet in the air, at the end of a course of about a half mile, when the steam gave out and the propellers which had moved it stopped.

"Then to my further surprise, the whole, instead of tumbling down, settled as gracefully as it is possible for any bird to do, touched the water without any damage and was immediately picked out and ready to be tried again.

"A second trial was like the first, except that the machine went in a different direction, moving in one continuous gentle ascent as it swung around in circles like a great soaring bird. At one time it seemed to be in danger, as its course carried it over a neighbouring wooded promontory, but apprehension was immediately allayed as it passed twenty-five or thirty feet above the tops of the highest trees there, and, ascending still further, its steam finally gave out again, and it settled into the waters of the river, not quite a quarter of a mile from the point at which it arose.

"No one could have witnessed these experiments without being convinced that the practicability of mechanical flight had been demonstrated."

Prof. Langley's explanation is as follows:

"The aerodrome, or flying machine, has no gas to lift it, as in the case of a balloon, but, on the contrary, is about 1,000 times heavier, bulk for bulk, than the air on which it is made to run and which sustains it somewhat in the way in which thin ice supports a swift skater.

"The power is derived from a steam engine through the means of propellers, but owing to the scale on which the actual aerodrome is built, there has been no condensing apparatus to use the water over and over. Enough can be carried for only a very brief flight, a difficulty which does not belong to larger machines than the present example, in which the supporting surfaces are but about fourteen feet from tip to tip.

"The distance flown each time was about one-half mile. The rate of speed depends (as in the case of any vehicle on land) on whether it is going on a level or uphill. In the case of this last trial of May 6th, the machine was ascending, that is to say, it was going uphill all the time, and went through a distance of one-half mile or more in one and one-half minutes, or at the rate of a little more than twenty miles an hour."—*Scientific American.*

Arctic Ballooning.

Professor S. A. Andree, the daring Swedish explorer, who will attempt to sail to the North Pole in a balloon the coming summer, was born at Grenna in 1854, and has made many voyages to the Arctics. He is a veteran aeronaut, as well as sailor, and once journeyed from Gothenburg to the Isle of Gothard, two hundred miles, in five hours. The balloon, which has been christened "Pole Nord," will be made of silk, specially woven on the best looms of Lyons. The diameter of the "Pole Nord" is twenty and a half meters, its capacity four thousand five hundred meters. The bag is made of three thicknesses of silk, bound together by an adhesive varnish specially prepared for the purpose.

It is calculated that the balloon will be gasproof, and that the gas with which it will be charged at the point of ascension will not leak, and will retain its buoyancy until Andree and his two companions either reach the pole, or, baffled, land on the most northerly part of the American continent.

A curious feature of the balloon is the big guide-rope of cocoanut fibre, weighing one thousand kilogrammes, a weight sufficient to maintain the balloon at a height of about six hundred feet, at which elevation the explorers can study

the regions over which they pass, and enable Monsieur Steindberg, the photographer, to picture them.

This novel expedition is exciting the greatest interest in scientific circles in Europe, and many steam yachts will escort it as far as Spitzbergen and their distinguished passengers witness the ascension of the "Pole Nord." Every possible contingency of Arctic travel has been provided for, and as the Swedes have generally been very fortunate in Arctic exploration, Andree's compatriots are hopeful that good luck will attend him and success crown his novel and daring attempt to solve the world-old mystery of the North Pole.

Marvels of Electricity.

There were 10,000 persons assembled in the Grand Central Palace, New York, to hear Chauncey M. Depew's speech, "Electricity Down to Date: what it has done, what it is doing, what it will do, what its relations to commerce and industrial enterprises, its future as motive power upon the railroads of this country," and to see as much as they could of the operation of telegraphing around the Western Continent by one telegraph company, and almost around the world by another.

At 8.38 o'clock the following message left the Western Union wire: "God created, nature treasures, science utilizes electric power for the grandeur of the nations and the peace of the world. (Signed) Chauncey M. Depew."

At 8.59 o'clock this same message was received back, after it had traversed the following route and return: "From New York to Galveston, via Chicago, San Francisco, Los Angeles and St. Louis; to Mexico, Nicaragua, Ecuador, Peru, Chili, and over the Andes Mountains to Buenos Ayres, to Rio Janeiro, Pernambuco, to Lisbon, Portugal, thence to Penzance, England and return. The total circuit was 27,500 miles in length.

By the Postal Telegraph Company's wire the same message went to Los Angeles, to San Francisco, to Vancouver, to Winnipeg, to Montreal, to Canso, to Boston, to London, to Lisbon, Gibraltar, Malta, Alexandria, Tokio, and returning same route to New York, after crossing North America, Atlantic Ocean, Europe, Asia and Africa. The message made the trip and return in 50 minutes.

Another message received over the wire, via Tokio, read as follows: "Chauncey M. Depew, New York: Mighty Niagara, nature's wonder, through nature's electric current, proclaims to all peoples science triumphant and the benevolent Creator. (Signed) Adams."

All the messages were sent from instruments in the same hall, and within a short distance of each other, and as the result of the wonderfully successful experiments were announced by the cannon booming on the roof of the building, the immense audience became enthusiastic in their applause.

The Gramophone.

If a machine talks, we are apt to regard it as almost human; if it sings, we look upon it as being artistic. The versatility of the gramophone enables it to embrace almost any sound; military bands, instrumental solos, songs, recitations, etc. Educational features of the instrument are lessons in elocution, lessons on the correct pronunciation of different languages and the memorizing of verses, songs and music.

A peculiarity of the gramophone record is that it has almost the penetration of the original sound, although not the broadness of tone, so that if 1,000 gramophones could be worked simultaneously, it would be possible for an orator to fill a hall 1,000 times larger than his voice ordinarily would fill.—*Scientific American.*

Paper Telegraph Poles.—These poles are made of paper pulp, in which borax, tallow, etc., are mixed in small quantities. The pulp is cast in a mould with a core in the centre, forming a hollow rod of the desired length, the cross-pieces being held by key-shaped wooden pieces driven on either side of the pole. The paper poles are said to be lighter and stronger than those of wood, and to be unaffected by the weather.

An Unbreakable Mirror.—A German genius fills a long-felt want by providing mirrors which will not break. He simply employs celluloid where glass was heretofore used. A perfectly transparent, well-polished celluloid plate receives a quicksilver backing like that of a glass mirror. This backing is in turn protected by another celluloid plate which also mirrors, so that practically a double mirror is furnished, lighter, cheaper and more lasting than glass.

"Fairy rings," dead patches of grass, usually in a circular form, are now known to be caused by a fungus which grows in the grass and kills it from the roots up.

Book Notices.

The Beginnings of the Wesleyan Movement in America, and the Establishment Therein of Methodism. By JOHN ATKINSON, D.D. New York: Hunt & Eaton. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. 458. Price, $3.00.

To stand by the primal springs of empire, or by the source of any great religious movement, and to think what mighty results flow from small beginnings, is exceedingly instructive. We can do this in the case of American Methodism better than in that of almost any other religious movement. Dr. Atkinson has described more fully than has been done heretofore, the genesis of that great Church which has grown from a feeble germ to a hundred and twenty annual Conferences, with world-wide evangelistic foreign missions.

To Irish and Canadian readers this book is of special interest, from the detailed account given of the noble Palatine Methodists who planted the germ of that Church in the United States, and transplanted a thrifty scion to our Canadian soil. It is curious and instructive to note the mythology that had already grown up about the Heck family, which Dr. Atkinson has dispelled, or rather interpreted, by the facts of actual history.

On a marble tablet in old John Street Church, which was actually built chiefly by the zeal and efforts of Barbara Heck, is an inscription, "In memory of Paul and Barbara Hick"; and, through the misprint of a letter, a legend has grown up ascribing to an entirely different person than our Canadian Barbara Heck, the planting of American Methodism. In like manner Philip Embury was converted into Philip Emmery, and in this very volume Pastor Coates to Coate.

Dr. Atkinson does the present writer the honour of attributing to him the throwing of much light on this subject by investigation of the original facts of the Heck household, by a pilgrimage to Dame Barbara's grave, by personal converse with her family, and by examination of the documentary evidence submitted, and of the old Bible of Barbara Heck, now in the library of our own Victoria University.

This book describes also the subsequent history of American Methodism from the appointment of Boardman and Pilmoor by John Wesley, their apostolic labours with Captain Webb, Strawbridge, Whitefield, Asbury and others throughout the colonies, till the return of the first pioneer preachers to the Old Land.

Turkey and the Armenian Atrocities. By the REV. EDWIN M. BLISS, assisted by the REV. CYRUS HAMLIN, D.D., with an introduction by MISS FRANCES E. WILLARD. Profusely illustrated. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. 574. Sold only by subscription.

The story of the Turkish Empire is like the book described in the Revelation, "written within and without with lamentations, and mournings and woe." That Empire is the great anachronism of the Nineteenth Century, a survival of mediæval despotism and barbarism. The recent Armenian atrocities are but a repetition of many similar crimes, the filling up of the cup of its iniquity.

No account of the present crisis is complete that does not describe the centuries of misrule and the causes leading to these disastrous results. The fidelity throughout the centuries of persecution of the ancient Armenian Church, is one of the most heroic in the annals of Christendom. In no other volume that we know have these features of the present crisis been detailed so ably and fully as the book under review.

Probably no two men living are better qualified to treat this theme than the author of this book and Dr. Cyrus Hamlin, who were both for many years missionaries in Turkey. It gives a survey of the rise and decline of the Ottoman power, of the ancient Oriental Churches —Syrian, Chaldean, Nestorian, Jacobite and Armenian. It records the effort of reform and progress under pressure of the European governments. It recites the marvellous record of Protestant missions in Turkey and the conditions of the Christian people. It describes the religious persecutions which they have undergone, the emergence of the present Armenian crisis, the Christian massacres throughout Asia Minor, the relief work which has been undertaken, and discusses the probable outcome in the partition of Turkey and great political crises to which the collapse of that Empire, so honeycombed with iniquity, corruption and fraud, shall give rise.

The Critical Hand-book of the Greek New Testament. By EDWARD C. MITCHELL, D.D. Illustrated by diagrams, tables and a map. New and enlarged edition. New York: Harper Bros. Toronto: William Briggs.

Biblical scholarship is year by year becoming more thorough and critical and exact. It is felt that those who expound and teach the Word of God should know the history of the sacred oracles and of their marvellous preservation, and should be able to examine for themselves the ancient documents of the Christian hope and faith.

A very valuable apparatus for this work will be found in Dr. Mitchell's "Critical Hand-book." It is the result of thirty years' study with the help of the best authorities. It has been published in England, France, America, and is now brought down to date in a masterly, yet concise and scholarly volume. It discusses the data furnished by historical facts of Pagan and Christian literature, by opponents and by the monuments as to the authenticity of the New Testament Scripture. It gives the history of the canonical books, of the formation of the canon and its classification. Of special value is the history of the text with classification of manuscripts, textual criticism, and rules of judgment in critical cases. A folding map and numerous *facsimile* reproductions, and list of nearly two thousand cursive manuscripts of the New Testament, and over a thousand lectionaries add to the value of the book. The list of accessible manuscripts in the United States will be a surprise to many readers.

Through the Eternal Spirit. By JAMES ELDER CUMMINGS, D.D. Toronto: Fleming H. Revell Co.

Of the many works recently published on the Holy Spirit, this is certainly one of the best. Dr. Cummings brings to his subject a ripe scholarship, a logical mind, a profound reverence for the Holy Scriptures, and a soul saturated with the Spirit of God.

As might reasonably be expected, his relation to the Church of Scotland and to the Keswick movement occasionally emerges into view. No one, however, can prayerfully read his book without obtaining clearer views of the mission of the Spirit, and receiving the impulse to a purer life. All the principal passages bearing upon the work of the Spirit, in both the Old and New Testaments, are carefully collected and arranged. The exposition evinces a comprehensive knowledge of the Bible, and that insight into its true significance which comes from intimate communion with the Holy Spirit.

This book gives the Pentecost its rightful place in the economy of grace and in the history of the Church. On that day, the Holy Ghost was installed as the administrator of all things in the Church. The author claims that, in some respects, the Pentecost can never be repeated. The Spirit came then to abide, and we might as well look for a second Calvary as a second Pentecost. But this does not mean that the experience of that day cannot return. He holds that it is the privilege of all believers, after conversion, to receive the fulness of the Spirit, but if faith were sufficiently strong, all might receive this at conversion. The baptism of the Spirit is the beginning of the full life of Christian experience, and is not, according to our author, to be repeated.

By His renewing work, the Spirit introduces souls into the family of God, promotes their growth, effects their edification, sanctification, and unity. He has given the record of Divine truth, has declared it closed, and has reserved to Himself the right of its interpretation. He glorifies Christ by revealing Him in His threefold capacity as God, Man, and Mediator, and in all His relations to the believer.

Dr. Cummings presents some new and striking thoughts on the sacrifices which the Spirit makes for Christians. In the chapter on "The Communion of the Holy Ghost," where he shows the communion of the believer with each person in the Trinity, there is the rare blending of close reasoning with deep devotion. His treatment of "The Guidance of the Spirit," is most judicious and scriptural. On the one hand, he avoids dangerous fanaticism, and on the other, guards against ignoring the real presence, operations and voice of the Spirit.

We may know the Spirit and hear His voice. Obedience to Him is indispensable. The Spirit always honours the Word He inspired, and never leads but in harmony with its teaching.

The Holy Ghost is the life of the missionary enterprise. He arouses the Church, and sends her forth to evangelize the world. Her failure to recognize Him as the guiding, inspiring, vitalizing Agent in the mission field is the chief cause of her want of success. The unseen Spirit works through two visible means—the Word and the Church. He convicts the world of sin, and makes the Church a

great aggressive agency for its salvation. Without Him to fit each one for his work, the lives of Christians will be wasted. This new work of Dr. Cummings merits the most careful study.

W. G.

The Mind of the Master. By JOHN WATSON, D.D. ("Ian Maclaren"). Toronto: Fleming H. Revell Company and William Briggs. Price, $1.25.

Dr. Watson is already known to many thousands by means of his charming Scottish stories, "Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush," and "The Days of Auld Lang Syne." In these his deep and tender human sympathies are strikingly manifested. The same characteristics mark the present volume. This is not a series of sermons, but of connected papers on some of the great themes of the Christian faith, as Jesus our Supreme Teacher, the Sovereignty of Character, the Culture of the Cross, Fatherhood the Final Idea of God, the Continuity of Life, and kindred themes.

The last named is an able argument for a future life of moral activities. "The Master," he says, "commits five talents to the servant. The five become ten, and the Master is fully satisfied. What reward does he propose for his servant? Is it release from labour and responsibility? Is it, so to say, retirement and a pension? No, this servant becomes himself a master, ruler over many things."

So the future life shall be the fulfilment of this life's best idols. It solves a very dark problem—that of the lives which have never had the opportunity of development and expansion here. "Their talent is known to few friends; they die, and the talent is buried in their coffin. Jesus says, No; it has at last been sown for the harvest; it will come into the open and blossom in another land."

"The continuity of life lifts the shadow also from another mystery—the lives that have been cut off in their prime. When one is richly endowed and carefully trained, and has come to the zenith of his power, his sudden removal seems a reflection on the economy of God's Kingdom. Why call this man to the choir celestial when he is so much needed in active service? According to Jesus he has not sunk into inaction, so much subtracted from the forces of righteousness. He has gone where the fetters of this body of humiliation and embarrassment of adverse circumstances shall be no longer felt. We must not think of him as withdrawn from the field; we must imagine him as in the van of battle. We must follow him, our friend, with hope and a high heart.

"'No, at noon-day, in the bustle of man's worktime,
Greet the unseen with a cheer;
Bid him forward breast and back as either should be,
"Strive and thrive," cry "Speed, fight on, fare ever
There as here."'"

We note some occasional Scotticisms which strike us oddly. In the very first sentence, for instance, the writer speaks of Christ as the alone Lord of the conscience. We know that "nice customs must courtesy to great kings," but even great writers are not superior to the usages of the language.

The Book of Prayers for Family Worship. Edited by the REV. WILLIAM GREGG, M.A., D.D. Toronto: Williamson & Company; William Briggs.

We fear that the godly practice of family worship is not as general as it used to be and should be. Engrossments of business or engagements of pleasure are apt to crowd out this important duty. The offering of the morning and evening sacrifice of prayer and thanksgiving is surely a "reasonable service." Dr. Gregg's beautiful manual cannot fail to make it more profitable and edifying. The merits of this book have been so conspicuous as to lead to a new edition, which is clearly and handsomely printed. The spirit of devout reverence, of comprehensive petition, of breathings after spiritual life and growth, runs through the entire series.

Spring Notes From Tennessee. By BRADFORD TORREY. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Toronto: William Briggs. Price, $1.25.

There is a breezy, out-of-door atmosphere about this book which is very refreshing after the winter's hibernation. The author knows his Tennessee well and has kept his eyes open in climbing its mountains and threading its valleys. It has special interest to the present reviewer on account of a recent visit to the mountain region described, which has been fought over, inch by inch, by the Federal and Confederate armies. It is a lesson in the observation in nature. The author describes no less than ninety-three varieties of birds found by him within three weeks.

Religious and Missionary Intelligence.

BY THE REV. E. BARRASS, D.D.

Wesleyan Methodist Church.

The May meetings were as usual deeply interesting. The missionary income was about the same as last year, $618,785, and $200,000 has been raised to wipe off the debt, and provide a fund to meet special expenditure. The largest increase of members in the mission field was in the Transvaal, where, notwithstanding the unsettled state of the country, the increase was 1,122.

Rev. W. Burgess, who had just returned home from Hyderabad, India, reported that in fifteen years he and his helpers had baptized 4,000 converts. They now preach in 100 villages, and own mission plant worth at least $50,000, towards which the parent society had contributed hardly one-fifth.

At the West London Mission the enthusiasm increases yearly. Rev. Dr. Maclaren, of Manchester, preached. Rev. H. P. Hughes asked for $15,000 and received it.

It is painful to record that there is a decrease of church members in the whole Connexion of no less than 2,561.

A bazaar was held at Wesley's Chapel which continued two days. Lady Jeune, who is described "as the most cultured and literary woman of our aristocracy," opened it. The Countess of Warwick also took part in the proceedings. The receipts exceeded $2,000.

Ten thousand copies of the Life of the Rev. Peter Mackenzie were sold in three weeks.

Methodist Episcopal Church.

The great event in this Church in 1896 was the General Conference at Cleveland, Ohio, when more than five hundred delegates were present from several parts of the world, and thousands of visitors. The Armory Hall, where the sessions were held, was often crowded to its utmost capacity. The cost of the Conference is $80,000. The Methodist Episcopal Church has increased its property in churches and parsonages to the extent of $11,600,000. The income of the missionary treasury has been $1,078,000, a gain of $65,000. The income of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society for the quadrennium was $1,143,797, and of the Woman's Home Missionary Society $786,365. Over 1,400 new preachers have been put in the field. Fraternal delegates from several other denominations, including the parent body in England, and our own Church in Canada, were in attendance. Rev. W. L. Watkinson represented the former, and Rev. J. Lathern, D.D., the latter. Both brethren acquitted themselves in a brilliant manner.

The question that seemed to occupy the greatest interest was the eligibility of women for membership in the General Conference. The Annual Conferences are again to express themselves concerning it. The two senior bishops, Bowman and Foster, retire in consequence of old age, and Revs. C. C. McCabe and Earl Cranston were elected to the Board of Bishops. The increase in church members during the quadrennium has been marvellous, and last year 319,539 were added.

For several years it has been expected that the Wesleyan Mission and the M. E. Conference in Germany would unite and form one Conference. This has now been done, so that henceforth there will be but one Methodism in Fatherland. The union will add 2,300 members, 29 ministers, and about $200,000 worth of church property to the Conference.

There is a Methodist immigrant's home in Philadelphia. As ships arrive, a deaconess is always there ready to put the arms of love and protection around the young girls who have no friends, or have been disappointed in meeting them. The hungry and homeless here find shelter. More than 1,000 souls have been sheltered since the opening of the home. It costs but $700 a year to maintain it.

The *Woman's Missionary Society* numbers 153,534 members, 6,223 organizations, and $3,500,000 have been raised since the Society was formed, of which $289,227 was raised last year.

Rev. Drs. Leonard and Palmer have been elected Missionary Secretaries.

Rev. Drs. Eaton and Mains were

elected agents of the New York Book Concern.

Rev. Drs. Curts and Jennings were elected agents of the Western Book Concern.

The General Conference adopted strong resolutions condemnatory of the liquor traffic.

It is a remarkable coincidence that the two bishops, McCabe and Cranston, are natives of the same place in Ohio, and that no less than seven of the Board of Bishops are natives of Ohio.

Tarn Ando, of the Japan Conference, and a member of the Japanese Parliament, was one of the delegates.

In India and Malaysia the Gospel is preached in seventeen languages, and that number will soon be increased to twenty. A large-hearted brother has agreed to defray the expense of educating from thirty-five to forty preachers and their wives annually for a number of years. This grand offer has enabled the committee to increase the number of students, and many sent away can be called back.

Rev. W. Taylor, missionary bishop in Africa, retires, worn out in the service of the Church. The book agents are instructed to make ample provision for his sustenance. Rev. Dr. J. Hartzell accepted the appointment of missionary bishop to Africa. Bishop Thoburn continues in charge of India, though he pleaded earnestly for an additional bishop.

Chaplain McCabe states that if Methodists alone would give one-tenth of their income to missions, it would yield a sum of no less than eighty million dollars.

Bishop Merrill has sent to his publishers a treatise on "The Crisis of the World; or, The Dominion and Doom of the Devil."

The Union Missionary Training Institute, at Brooklyn, N.Y., which was founded in 1855 by Mrs. L. D. Osborn, now has forty pupils. It began with ten. At least fifty have been sent to eleven different foreign fields.

Dr. Payne, Secretary of the Educational Board, reports that there are revivals of great power in several of the colleges, from the Atlantic to the Pacific coast. They all occurred since the day of prayer for the colleges.

Methodist Episcopal Church, South.

Rev. Dr. Morris was the fraternal delegate to General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church. His address breathed a fine spirit, it was full of brotherly love, and moreover was a grand resumè of the doctrine of holiness. He quoted largely from the founder of Methodism, who always declared that the doctrine in question "is the grand *depositum* which God has lodged with the people called Methodists, and for the sake of propagating this chiefly, he appears to have raised them up." No fear of Methodism declining when all its branches stand by the old landmarks, and proclaim everywhere that "inward sanctification begins in the moment we are justified; from that time the believer gradually dies to sin."

Bishop Hendrix recently dedicated the Orphan's Home at St. Louis, which cost about $100,000, and will accommodate 200 children. It is the gift of Mr. Samuel Cupples, in memory of his wife.

The Board of Missions received, including cash raised by the Women's Board, subscriptions amounting to $311,151.24. The Board employ 405 missionaries, with 105 native helpers, while the Women's Board employ thirty-eight more.

There are forty-seven Annual Conferences, which are grouped in nine districts, assigning one district to each bishop.

Dr. Stevens, historian of Methodism, says of early Methodist preachers, "Every one of them at his reception into the travelling ministry, avowed his belief in the doctrine of 'perfect love,' and that he was groaning after it, if he had it not already." Perhaps no single fact affords a better explanation of the marvellous success of Methodism.

Primitive Methodist.

In twenty-five years there have been built in the first London District fifty-three places of worship, at a cost of $1,000,000, the debt on which is only $195,000.

There is every probability that in a little time all branches of Methodism, both in New Zealand and Australasia, will be united in one body.

The Connexion has an insurance company of its own, which during the past year reported a net profit of $10,000, about $2,500 of which was given to the assistance of needy church buildings.

The Methodist Church.

Rev. Dr. Griffin, Treasurer of the Superannuation Fund; Rev. Dr. Sutherland, Missionary Secretary; Rev. Dr. Carman, General Superintendent; and Rev. J. Woodsworth, Superintendent of

Missions, were present at the meeting of the British Columbia Conference, and rendered very efficient aid.

The Rev. J. Lathern, D.D., fraternal delegate to the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, was delighted with his visit. His attachment to Methodism has, if possible, greatly increased.

The Book Room and Publishing House has had a prosperous year. The entire business represented a turnover of nearly half a million dollars. An appropriation of $7,500 was made to the Superannuation Fund.

The visit of Rev. W. L. Watkinson, fraternal delegate from England to the General Conference, was greatly enjoyed by the hundreds who heard him at Toronto, Hamilton and elsewhere. Rev. Dr. Johnston, a fraternal delegate to the same Conference from Ireland, was a rare treat. His account of the Forward Movement in Belfast was of the most edifying kind. Such visits from brethren in the old lands tend to unite the people more closely together.

Items.

Rev. K. Ishisaka, the pastor of the Japanese M. E. Church in San Francisco, has 340 parishioners, and besides the Sunday-school, his church conducts a night school to teach the English language to his countrymen. There is a dormitory in the rear of the church where from twenty to thirty poor people find a place to sleep every night.

The Methodist Protestant General Conference in Kansas City adopted a resolution "abhorring the use of tobacco," and forbidding members, either lay or otherwise, to use the weed or alcoholic liquors.

Mr. Wm. Deering has given real estate valued at $215,000 to the Northwestern University. In all he has given $400,000 to this seat of learning.

One of the missionaries in Seoul recently baptized a baby ten months old and his great-great-grandmother. The parents, grandparents, and great-grandparents were already members of the Church.

Dr. Hugh Johnston reports in the *Methodist Times* the curious fact that a nephew of the Pope contributes $1,000 to the new Methodist University in Washington.

President Cleveland recently presided at a meeting in New York in the interests of Home Missions, and delivered an earnest, practical speech.

The American Board of Foreign Missions has received a sufficient amount of money to pay its debt.

Mr. H. M. Stanley, the African traveller, in a recent article published in the *Century*, states that he published an appeal, in 1875, for missionaries to be sent to Uganda, and in a few years two were sent; now he is pleased to know that there are about 300, and the number is rapidly increasing. There are 200 churches and 50,000 native Christians. Mr. Stanley is delighted with the progress that has been made, and writes in the highest commendation of the missionaries.

Lectures are delivered in the Presbyterian College, Montreal, in English, French, and Gaelic.

Ida Neilson, a Swedish servant girl recently converted, attended the "Children's Day" service and gave an offering of six shining twenty-dollar gold pieces, and was unwilling to withdraw any part of the amount when entreated to do so.

In twenty-five years the Presbyterian women of the parent Woman's Board have raised $2,690,956, and have 163 missionaries and 1,100 native readers and teachers now in the field.

The General Assembly is holding its sessions this year in Saratoga, N.Y. Dr. John L. Withrow, of Chicago, is Moderator. The Assembly numbers nearly 600 members, representing 7,500 churches and nearly 1,000,000 communicants. Over three and a half million dollars were collected and disbursed last year through various Presbyterian agencies for missions and general benevolence.

When I am sick and tired it is God's will:
  Also God's will alone is sure and best:—
  So in my weariness I find my rest,
And so in poverty I take my fill.
Therefore I see my good in midst of ill,
  Therefore in loneliness I build my nest,
  And through hot noon pant toward the shady west,
And hope in sickening disappointment still.

So, when the times of restitution come,
The sweet times of refreshing come at last,
  My God shall fill my longings to the brim:
  Therefore I wait and look and long for Him:
Not wearied, though the work is wearisome,
Nor fainting, though the time be almost past.

—*Christina Rossetti.*

MONUMENT OF THE CONQUEROR OF MONT BLANC,
CHAMOUNIX.